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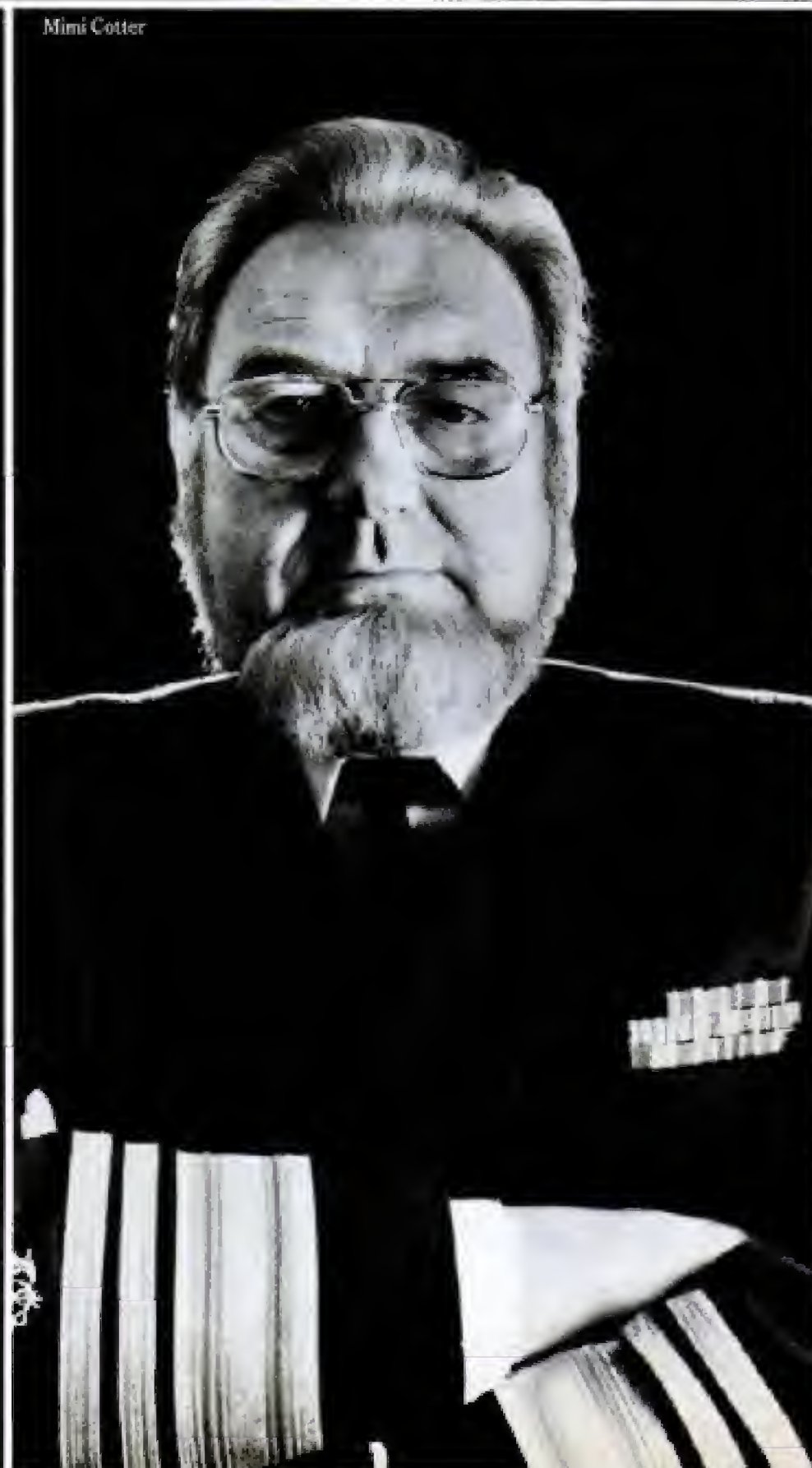
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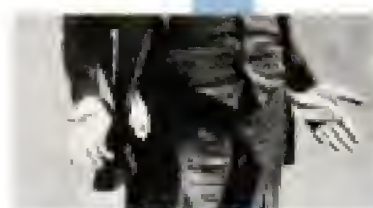
Which a lot of very serious advertisers find to be quite refreshing.

Nothing grabs people like





THE COVER Tama Janowitz and Al Lewis photographed by Chris Collis. Tama's dress: Nicole Miller. Earrings: Patti Horn. Bracelet: Claude Renaud. Hair and makeup: Harie Von Wijnbergo.



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in bookstores.  
the Times's

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### SEPARATED AT BIRTH?



► *For the holidays, our highly trained moles, watchers and phrenologists cranked out*  
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Color, grief, memories; surprises and things expected; the tree outside, the rustling of its leaves, its yearly change, its shadow as well as its substance, its accidents of shape and position,



# CARBONELL

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the far-off thoughts that it brings back to my wandering attention—all these things are equal. . . .

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# Reality.



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"bouncy and buoyant"; "upbeat"; "Pollyanna-ish"—aides' and friends' reported descriptions of President Reagan during the October 19 Wall Street crash



IT'S DECEMBER ALREADY? WHO REALIZED? WHO'S PREPARED? NOT US. ORDINARILY we rely on the cats and dogs and squirrels to announce the impending seasonal change. They get fatter and furrier and start gathering nuts, and then we know it's time to buy cutlery and ugly sweaters for our relatives. But this year the varmints have been weird—*acting* nuts and gathering

furriers—and we think we know why. *They're nervous about the economy.* If certain animals can detect earthquakes, and a groundhog in Pennsylvania the ETA of spring, it figures that other animals would be attuned to shaky bond

markets, tremors in the banking system, eruptions of debt. Consider Yerosha, the Soviet monkey. A trained cosmonaut, Yerosha was shot into space, where he broke his tethers and started pushing buttons wildly. Was the little hooligan playfully commemorating the 25th anniversary of



# It's December

the Cuban Missile Crisis—or *did he suddenly realize, 200 miles up, that the world economy, capitalist and communist alike, is doomed?* And in Los Angeles a

# already?

pack of coyotes stormed the zoo and tore apart 48 flamingos. *Did the specter of impending fiscal crisis drive the beasts mad?*

The authorities, trying to avoid panic, were nonchalant. "We're not blaming the coyotes," a zoo official said. "*It was typical coyote behavior.*" Over the next week, the stock market plummeted, dropping more than it ever had before.

In L.A. it's coyotes and flamingos at the zoo. In New York it's Italian-Americans on the street—ten mob-style rubouts between January and October, a virtual Murder-of-the-Month Club. To be fair, the latest victim was not, apparently, an Italian-American. He was, however, shot in the buttocks. Not that we're blaming the mobsters—*it's typical mobster behavior.* crimes of Ivan Boesky know, involve .38 head or buttocks. hardly at all for his



The organized did not, as far as we slugs fired into the Boesky has suffered crimes—a \$100-



"Cracking jokes"; "telling stories";



million fine was more than satisfied by proceeds from his sale of the Beverly Hills Hotel a year ago. Boesky sold the place to jumbo-size mogul Marvin Davis for \$135 million, and Davis has now found an even more grotesquely rich despot who wants the poolside telephones for himself. Marvin didn't *want* to sell to the sultan of Brunei, an associate insists. "But this guy"—this little Islamic guy, this won't-take-no-for-an-answer guy—"persisted and persisted." So who can blame Davis for taking the guy's \$200 million? *It's typical fat-mogul behavior.*

Just before the Depression said hello in October, the sweaty Wall Street law firm Cravath, Swaine & Moore raised the top pay for its salaried associates to \$200,000. This is even more than NBC cameramen get paid when they're not on strike, and almost as much as the average NFL player gets when he's not on strike. But we're not blaming the lawyers for paying one another too much to work too hard—it's *just typical lawyer behavior.*

Lie—then confess; lie—then confess... that's how you run for president this time. Pat Robertson married ten weeks before his first child was born. Until

recently, however, he had lied about his wedding date. "I have never had this kind of precision demanded of me before," Robertson said. That's the trouble with the truth—it's so darned... *precise.* Strangely, his fake wedding date was only *seven and a half* months before the baby was born. In humans, the normal gestation period is nine months.

As a young man, Robertson says now, "I was engaged in wine, women and song on a number of continents." Jesse Jackson, the other dangerous Christian preacher running for president, has said nothing about his experiences with wine, women or song. Especially not women. Jackson's problem has been more aesthetic than moral: he appeared in an ad for a chain of secretarial schools, in which he actually urges, "*Pick up that phone and call now!*"

At least Al Haig's schlockiness was not designed to make a quick buck. Haig has distributed a set of campaign fortune cookies with special messages, including LEADERSHIP WITH GOOD TASTE, AL HAIG FOR PRESIDENT and COOKIE IS DELECTABLE, HAIG IS ELECTABLE. Yes: *typical dork behavior.*

Haig may be gone by Christmas. And

what a happy holiday season it's already turning out to be! Robert Bork, Ronald Reagan's favorite fat godless egghead—history. ("I'll try to find [a new nominee] that they'll object to just as much as they did to this one," Reagan threatened, and then he did so.) Developer—social climber Mort Zuckerman, the would-be ravager of Columbus Circle—on the run. The Soviets call Reagan's bluff on arms control and—*presto!*—we get a treaty. The Central Americans call Reagan's bluff on a peace plan for Nicaragua and—*presto!*—they get a cease-fire, some civil liberties and a Nobel Peace Prize.

What's more, as the cutlery-and-ugly-sweater-buying season bustled along, consumer confidence was at its highest point in nearly 15 years. Of course, 15 years ago Watergate was just about to unravel and the oil crisis was just around the corner, to be followed by a monster recession. Plus leisure suits. And Quaaludes. And today, of course, the stock market is out of control. *But don't worry:* if the economy disintegrates, *nobody*—not Wall Street speculators, not the Reagan administration, not real estate developers—is to blame. It's typical coyote behavior. 3



**Tumbo**

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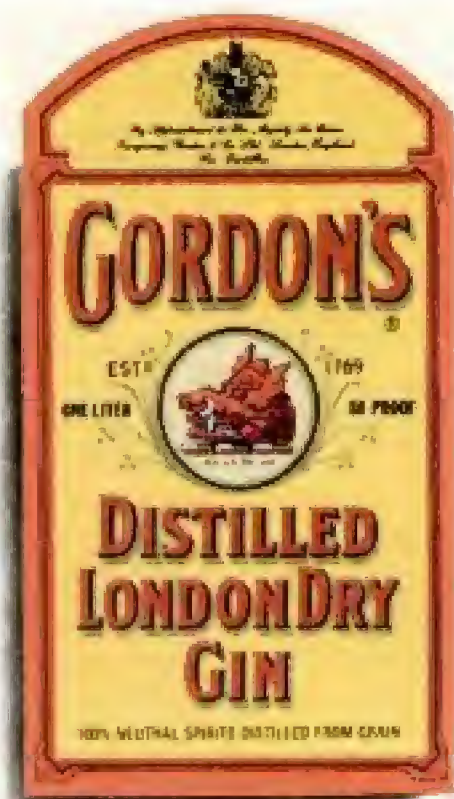


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AND ITS GIN.



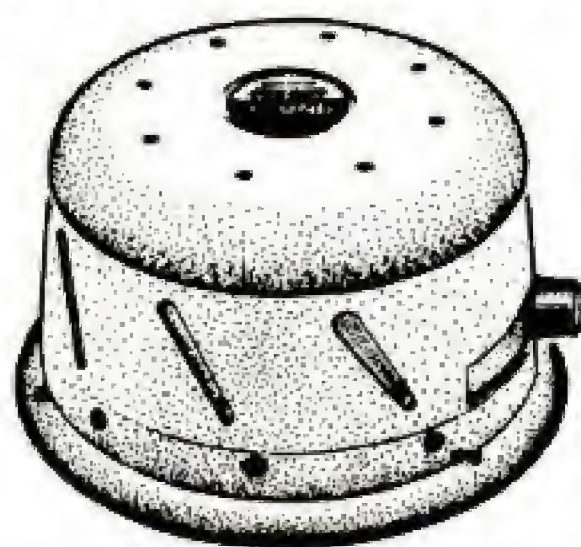
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From the SPY mailroom: A clipping sent by William Corney of Ann Arbor, Michigan, has introduced us to the razor-sharp insights of *Detroit Free Press* columnist Bob Talbert. "The late great rock singer Jim Morrison and actor-comedian Chevy



Chase could be look-alike twins," notes Talbert in his August 31 Monday Moanin' column. Helping to drive home the point

are photos of Morrison and Chase. And "if you're into obscure cult figures," he continues, really hitting his stride, "you'll know immediately that emerging folk singer Suzanne Vega is a dead-on Emo Philips look-alike." Elsewhere in the same column, Talbert wonders who "the biggest WASP couple of the '80s" are—Bruce Willis and Cybill Shepherd, or Michael J. Fox and Meryl Streep? If this all sounds familiar, consider that Willis, Shepherd, Fox and Streep were all listed as "1980s STARS" in SPY's "Hollywood WASPmania" sidebar (July/August), and that Vega's and Philips's photos ran in the "Separated at Birth?" piece in that same issue. Morrison and Chase? They also appeared in "Separated at Birth?" in the September SPY—which was available the week before the Talbert column ran. Since the perceptive Talbert doesn't even mention SPY in his column, we can only assume that he's simply—uncannily—on the same wavelength as we are.

An anonymous reader tells us that Edwin Schlossberg ("Mr. Caroline Kennedy, Renaissance Man," by Tad Friend, April) has been "trying to find a way to stop your reprinting of the article about him," and that Schlossberg has talked about it with an associate of Oliver North's ferocious contra-hearing lawyer, Brendan Sullivan. (When we asked, a spokesperson for the law firm at first professed ignorance of Schlossberg; later a lawyer at the firm admitted that Mr. Ed is indeed a client.) All the same, the piece has managed to slither into Baltimore's *City Paper* and Australia's *Mode*, among other publications.

Clifton Campbell of Stephen J. Cannell Productions in Hollywood has asked for two subscriptions and sent a check, on which he has written, "[FOR] SNIDE REMARKS." His letter alluded to our "smart-ass magazine." That is a perfect example of our standard rate of exchange: one subscription allows you one insult.

We have received an altogether de-



lightful letter from Rose Polidoro at WNEW-FM ("Your writer sounds like a prepubescent malcontent whose parents would not let them [sic] go to the Beach Boys Concert. . . . Boo-Hoo!"). The offending entry (in SPY's September Datebook) tweaked WNEW's Scott Muni for appearing in 36 photos in the station's 1987 Date Book/Survival Guide. Polidoro points out, as part of her reply, that proceeds from the guide go to cancer and leukemia research. Therefore—and we think we follow the implicit suggestion correctly—because we raised an eyebrow at the number of Muni appearances in that guide, SPY clearly must be opposed to cancer and leukemia research.

One Katerina Von Collinski identifies herself as the Princess of Greenland and takes issue with (a) SPY's well-documented appreciation of Dianne Brill's former girth and (b) our subsequently taking credit for Brill's New Svelteness. The Princess—and we're sure she's not misleading us about the title—rhapsodizes about the "exacting pleasantries" she shares with Brill, "an upstanding citizen." She adds, "I happen to know that never would Ms. Dianne turn to your mindless rag sheet for diet tips."

Barry Gottlieb (address unknown) wants to know whether any of us play golf or know pro golfer Muffin Spencer-Devlin. (Answers next month.) P. V. King of Manhattan selfishly wishes SPY were a fortnightly, not stopping to think what havoc this would wreak on us—as caring, feeling human beings. And Canadian Alan Spinney has insinuated his name into this box a second time by attempting to explain an equation he'd sent us (which purportedly explained why we named the magazine SPY—see September issue). Mr. Spinney now says, "Big Apple = New York City, SPY = type of apple, like McIntosh, Gravenstein, russet, Delicious. Therefore, SPY = variation relating to Big Apple! Very simple, eh?" We have to take it on faith that it's simple, because the original letter—crucial to understanding the addendum—was accidentally torn up and scattered along Mulberry Street by an editorial intern who mistook it for an unsolicited manuscript.



#### JOINING US LATE?

For back issues of SPY, write to us at The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Enclose \$3.50 per copy, please.

DEAR EDITORS **A**s a good friend of Bruce Cutler's ["The Men Who Defend the Mob," by James Traub, September], may I bring two things to your attention: (1) he can bench-press 340 pounds, not 310; (2) the picture you printed is not of him. Most people would consider this very insulting. I assure you, Bruce does not take this negligence personally.

Really, he's not mad.

Edward W. Hayes

New York

*Well, we thought 310 was impressive enough, and in any case the gentleman whose photo we mistakenly ran probably does bench-press 310. About that photo: the New York Post inadvertently supplied us with one of Anthony Mos-*

## LETTERS TO SPY

*catiello, a Gene Gotti codefendant and Bruce Cutler look-alike. It was their fault. But SPY regrets the error.*

DEAR EDITORS **E**nclosed you will find a photo of Bruce Cutler, as opposed to the one you printed in your September issue.

Renee McCray

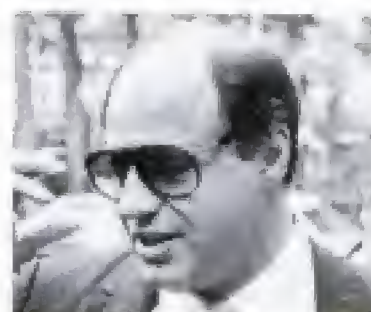
Secretary to Mr. {Bruce} Cutler

New York

*Thank you. Of course, if Mr. Cutler had cooperated with our photographer in the first place, the regrettable error, which was not SPY's fault but which SPY regrets, would have been avoided.*



Not Cutler



Cutler

DEAR EDITORS **W**hat a magazine! I tell my L.A. friends that they won't understand the lion's share of the rag but advise them to pretend to, because then people will admire them deep, deep down. What this all leads to is, SPY makes me feel like a New Yorker even more than a 4:00 p.m. ride on the No. 2 and a visit to the men's room at the Plaza and a half-hour browse through Tower Records (uptown) all rolled together.

Patrick Barnes

Brooklyn

DEAR EDITORS **I** have to stand up for all the businesspeople you artistic pinheads enjoy ridiculing in every issue. You continually portray them as bloodless creatures swimming stealthily through a different strata [sic], trying desperately to milk some pleasure from the somber black-and-white existence in which they all live. So you have the secret to life? They follow you like lemmings from one hep place to the next? Not quite. I can see you, sneering and nervous. Always looking around the corner to find the next trend, worried that you're not quite on top of it all. You come in two basic shapes: the flamboyant eccentric or the ultrachic, always dressed in one color, usually black. You are the hepest.

Why do I take this stance? You don't care? I am not a person of business, but one of the most creative and artistic people I know happens to be one. A man of business. A professional. An entrepreneur. And believe it or not, he has an unerring instinct for ferreting out the favorite local bistro when traveling abroad. I've seen it.

So take your tiny nail-bitten hands off this beleaguered warrior of the marketplace and set him down and look at him. He (or she) is perhaps even hepper than you. He just doesn't have to pretend.

Ellyn Oaksmith

Encino, California

*Excellent, Ms. Oaksmith. Do you feel better now?*

DEAR EDITORS **M**eredith Brody, in her debut column in *The Village Voice* ("Eating Around," September 22), accuses SPY (oh, no!) of xenophobia in "Restaurant Confidential" [by Elizabeth Royte, September].

Clearly, scintillated or disappointed (but always anointed) taste buds are the name of her game, and any other aspect of consumer/consuming behavior evokes this nervous need for name-calling—and on her first day too. If Ms. Brody were ever, in a fit of single-mindedness and daring spirit, to purposely withhold from her column the name of a restaurant (sans trends, crowds and potential "success") and keep it to herself without guilt or reservation, I for one would stand up and applaud her.

Janet Murphy

New York





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DEAR EDITORS **D**uring the wee hours of September 8 on *The Tonight Show*, Jay Leno did a very funny bit about Elvis's weight on the nine planets, the moon and the sun. I thought, *Wait a minute, that sounds vaguely familiar!* I ran to my bathroom and grabbed my September issue of SPY, the New York Monthly, and found the same joke on page 17, written by Fleming Meeks.

Gentlemen, I ask you, what is this world coming to? Jay Leno, who has been called (by David Letterman) the funniest man in America, is plagiarizing from the pages of SPY, the New York Monthly! Pretty soon someone will say that Joe Biden plagiarizes, or that SPY is a rip-off of *Private Eye*. To be blunt, I am gravely concerned.

W. K. Escher

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

We appreciate your concern. But rest easy: Jay Leno, a gentleman, called us and asked whether he could read the Elvis piece, crediting Fleming Meeks, on the air.

DEAR EDITORS **W**hat happened to Letters to the Editor of *The New Yorker*? This is my sole complaint; \$2.50 is too cheap for the wit and wisdom you offer.

Also, More Words That Just Happen to Contain the Letters... ["Some Words That Just Happen to Contain the Letters r-e-a-g-a-n," by Andy Aaron, October]:

s-p-y	b-o-r-k
Psycho	Broke
Gypsy	Bonkers
Synapse	Rockabye
Panegyrics	Bookkeeper
Yuppies	Oberkommandant
t-r-u-m-p	r-o-n-a-l-d
Crumpet	r-e-a-g-a-n
Impurity	Organ transplanted
Multiplier	

Liza Altman

New York

We liked your letter so much, we've resurrected Letters to the Editor of *The New Yorker* (see page 32) but still kept our newsstand price at \$2.50 (see cover). For now, And this despite the unexpected typesetting costs we incurred by printing your amusing but space-consuming lists.

DEAR EDITORS **S**hame on you. That you too should succumb to the racism of the 1980s comes as a surprise. Your October *Times* column read like something I'd find in the *New York Post*. As a friend of Crystal Nix's, I can assure you that she had far, far more to offer *The New York Times* than negritude and height. And trust me: Hispanic journalists are not being bombarded with offers from the *Times*—it's just an excuse that aspiring *Times* reporters use to cover up for their own shortcomings.

Cancel my subscription.

Alison France

The New York Times

New York

Our reference to Ms. Nix in the October issue follows one in the June issue, in which we mourned her loss from the *Times* not because she was black but because she was a very good reporter.

DEAR EDITORS **I** can't believe you didn't include yourselves in The SPY 100 [October], right up there with Ed Koch or higher. You have certainly included yourselves enough in the Letters section, where it's a fair gamble there will be at least three or four mentions of what a great and unique publication SPY really is. Come on, guys, you're sinking to the level of *Penthouse*.

Despite the cutesy bursts and ugly post-modern layout, I think you're onto something, though. You should tackle the problem of California in one of your upcoming issues: what to do about it, how to deal with its inhabitants, whether or not to risk going there, and how to accept the fact that L.A. will be bigger (and thus more self-important) than New York by the year 2000.

Jason de Menil

Harvard College

Cambridge, Massachusetts

SPY is grateful to have even this ambiguous confirmation that—despite its many, many shortcomings in the eyes of Mr. De Menil—it has finally won his grudging approval. Now, we feel, we can go on—chastened, perhaps, but better for it.

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Please include your daytime telephone number. ☺



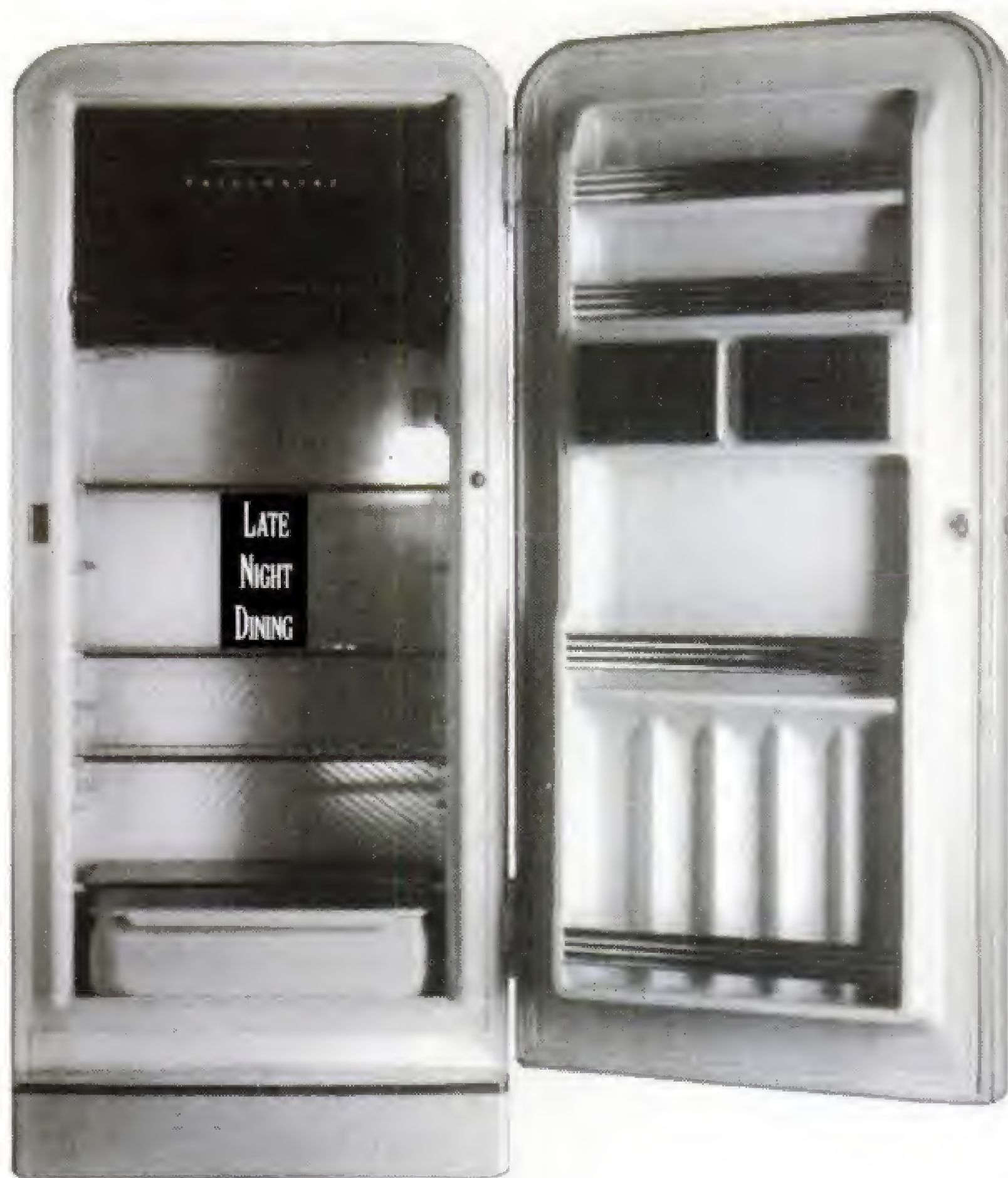
# Interview



CHARLES BUKOWSKI · PHOTOGRAPH BY HERB RITTS ©

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intriguing people  
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# Naked City

## THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

### THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF FINE DINING

After this installment of "The Wonderful World of Fine Dining," our restaurant-violations section will cease to be a regular feature in *SPY*. The *Times*, whose deficiencies in this area (its listings were limited to names and addresses) had prompted *SPY*'s more thorough reporting in the first place, recently renamed its feature "Food Inspection Results" and dived right in with us—descriptions of flies and missing permits and mouse excrement and all. *Great idea!* Of course, its weekly feature now moots our monthly one. In the spirit of passing the torch to the paper of record, we are making available to the *Times* (and to any reader enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope) copies of our beloved health-code violation symbols. Meanwhile, here are our final entries, including information that wasn't available in the pre-glasnost *Times*.

#### BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S

1655 Broadway

At the first inspection, live roaches and fresh mouse excreta were observed. At the second, progress of sorts was noted when inspectors found some dead roaches among the living and some old mouse excreta among the fresh. And they found a dead mouse.



## THE USUAL SUSPECTS



H. KISSINGER



I. M. PEI



C. OXENBERG



ON THE GLAMOUR-DINNER circuit, **NAN KEMPNER**, the knobby-kneed socialite who once confided to *SPY*, "I eat whatever they put in front of me," has been out proving her voraciousness. At a recent banquet, her dining partner noticed that whenever he turned to chat with the woman on his other side, Kempner would reach over and swipe bites off his plate.

SPEAKING OF EATING disorders, *SPY* has learned that **HENRY KISSINGER** sneaks food, too. A companion who recently shared a limousine with Kissinger to the chubby socialite-war criminal's home in Litchfield County, Connecticut, reports that Kissinger ordered the driver to pull into a Dairy Queen. There he lapped up the kind of essential nourishment that his wife, Kissinger confided pathetically, will simply not allow.

IT'S WHY PEOPLE should stay put: when New Yorkers move to California, they become egregious personal-growth zealots, and when Californians transplant to New York, they get the real estate disease. Five years ago **STEVE JOBS**, the cofounder of Apple Computer, bought the top two floors of the north tower of the San Remo for around \$2 million. He hired an architect. He fired an architect. Then he hired **I. M. PEI**'s firm. Do you suppose Jobs has grand ideas? There are 12½-foot-tall nickel-bronze doors. There is special Pacific coast planking that needs its own climate-control system. One architect has spent much of the last six months hounding suppliers of windows and doors—the window-and-door budget for the apartment is \$1 million, and Jobs's bedroom windows will cost \$79,000. *Apiece.* The cost of renovations may run to \$15 million, and the apartment, in which Jobs has never lived, will not be habitable before 1989.

OVER AT *VANITY FAIR*, **S. I. NEWHOUSE**'s pet project that has cost Condé Nast at least \$30 million since it was relaunched in 1983, the atmosphere is very, very serious. The magazine, which has an almost fetishistic dedication to printing disturbing photos of Helmut Newton's wife's breasts, recently got up in arms over a minor office prank. It seems that one very sophisticated staff member sneaked into the office of one of the magazine's editors and covered the walls with pinups of naked, Vaseline-slicked, ready-to-go boys. In the understated style of the magazine, unpopular managing editor **PAM MCCARTHY** called in a private investigator and warned one suspect, *I just hope your fingerprints aren't on those pictures.* The detective, a burly Central Casting type with a gravelly voice and a big belly, put suspects through vigorous rounds of questioning along the lines of *Who around here would be likely to read this kind of {gay porn} magazine? Guys like you and me, I mean, we read a little Playboy, maybe Penthouse . . . not like this stuff.* Then, in a dazzling display of Joe McCarthy-era pressure tactics, the dogged gumshoe tried to persuade staff members to name colleagues who were homosexuals.

TIME FOR AN UPDATE ON **J. D. SALINGER**—still, of course, a *New Yorker* writer. (*Has today's mail arrived? Anything with a New Hampshire postmark? No?*) Salinger, who likes to divide his energies between not publishing his work, fending off earnest liberal arts majors, farming and suppressing biographies, apparently has always found time to watch a little prime-time television—enough, we are reliably told, to have once developed a crush on then *Dynasty* star and putative aristocrat **CATHERINE OXENBERG**. Before long, letters were exchanged, phone calls made, and eventually there was a flight to Los Angeles to visit the adored one on the show's set—where even famous, normally reclusive writers can become such obtrusive nuisances that they get the bum's rush from the starlet and are asked to leave.



## THE SPY TRIP TIP: Curse of the Mummies

The annual New Year's Day Mummies parade in Philadelphia dates back to 1901, but it's always the same: the shivering spectators are drunk and the Mummies are drunker—and not in an Algonquin Round Table kind of way. Half-digested cheese steak flows in the streets.

Yes, mummery is always fun, but who needs to attend this cold, unsightly display, when instead you can visit the comparatively vomit-free Mummies Museum? The museum does ignore some salient facts about this perpetually hung over group—until 1976 women

weren't allowed to mum unless they dressed up as bibulous men impersonating sottish women, and professional musicians are craftily hired to musically reinforce and physically prop up the not sober Mummer bands—but at least it's indoors.

A few not-to-be-missed displays:

(1) "Be a Mummer": headless, handless, gaudily clad mummies are painted on a free-standing wall in unnatural, inebriated poses, with holes cut out above the neck. Stick your head through, look in the mirror and see what it's like to

have your face floating above a male mummer, a female mummer or a baby mummer.

(2) "Don't Rain on My Parade": a photographic collage immortalizing the years when the weather was bad. Note the photos of people huddled under blankets, flasks carefully concealed.

(3) "Learn the Strut": a series of photos in which a blotto clown teaches you the official Mummer dance.

(4) "Instruments Mummies Use": push buttons to hear different Mummeresque instruments play "Oh, Dem Golden Slippers," the

Mummer theme song. Push all the buttons at once and hear a lot of noise—the recordings are not synchronized.

(5) The funny display: a tribute to this year's winner in the "Comic Mummer" category—a dummy in tutu and curlers.

(6) Souvenirs: yellow, diamond-shaped MUMMER ON BOARD signs; mummer dolls that cost as much as \$135.

—Jack Barth and Susan King Kirby

**The New Year's Shooters and Mummies Museum: Two Street at Washington Avenue, Philadelphia.**

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

### JASMIN'S ERA

73 West 71st Street  
On the first visit, inspectors found food-encrusted refrigerator shelves and walls, a dust-laden fan guard and roaches in the basement. The second time, inspectors found that there was no choking-prevention poster, that the roaches were still there and that the restaurant was housing a cat.

### SPORTSMAN'S CAFE

421 Hudson Street  
Fresh mouse excreta at both inspections.

### WHO'S NEWLY WHO, WHO'S NO LONGER WHO, VOLUME II (E-F-G)

As we explained last month, *Who's Who in America* contains about 75,000 names, most of them attached to people with noteworthy and important occupations like mineralogist, banker and Canadian provincial official. On average, 12,000 names each are added and dropped with each new edition every two years. Among the better-known people who have been purged from or permitted into the 1986-87 edition are the following.

#### Who's Newly Who

René Enriquez, actor; Julius Epstein, coscriptwriter of *Casablanca*; Louise Erdrich, novelist; Werner Erhard, disciplinarian; Harold Evans, editor; Linda Evans, actress; Richard Farnsworth, actor; Leon Festinger, psychologist; Marlin Fitzwater, presidential mouthpiece; Horton Foote, screenwriter; Malcolm Forbes Jr., publisher; Robert Foxworth, actor; Janie Fricke, country singer; Ray Gaudoff, cohost of ABC's now-cancelled *Our World*; Mark Gastineau, washed-up NFL strike breaker; Mel Gibson, actor; Ellen Gilchrist, writer; Scott Glenn, actor; Sharon Gless, actress; Paul Goldberger, architecture critic; Pancho Gonzales, very old tennis player; Dwight Gooden, baseball player; Fred Graham, former CBS news correspondent; Ulu Grosbard, film and stage director; Pedro Guerrero, baseball player; Robert Guillaume, TV's Benson.

## PRIVATE LIVES OF PUBLIC ENEMIES



President Reagan raises a new issue with General Secretary Gorbachev.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN



### THE LIZ SMITH TOTE BOARD

Mentioned  
During October:

Elizabeth Taylor	9
Malcolm Forbes	7
Dolly Parton	5
Frank Sinatra	5
Paul Newman	4
Donald Trump	4
Bette Davis	3
Whoopi Goldberg	3
Kitty Kelley	3
Swiftly Lazar	3
The Nederlanders	3
Diane Sawyer	3
Stephen Sondheim	3
Carol Channing	2
Eloine's	2
Jane Fonda	2
Sylvester Stallone	1



## THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

### Who's No Longer Who

Rufus Edmisten, the guy with the pipe who sat behind Senator Ervin during the Watergate hearings; Ralph Edwards, host, *This Is Your Life*; Lee Eisenberg, editor; Daniel Ellsberg, famous defendant; Georgia Engel, actress, played Georgette on *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*; John Entwistle, bass player, *The Who*; Erik Estrada, TV's "Ponch" (CHiPs); Mike Evans, TV's *Lionel Jefferson* (All in the Family and *The Jeffersons*); Sissy Farenthold, former college president; Donna Fargo, country singer, "The Happiest Girl in the Whole U.S.A."; Robin Farkas, chairman, Alexander's department stores; Don Farmer, former CNN anchor; Clay Felker, editor; Rollie Fingers, ex-baseball player; Art Fleming, ex-host of *Jeopardy*; Joseph Flom, famous merger attorney; Joan Fontaine, actress; Steve Forrest, actor, *S.W.A.T.*; Don Forst, editor, *New York Newsday*; Eliot Fremont-Smith, critic; William Fugazy, limo king; the Gabor sisters; Ron Galella, photographer; Rita Gam, actress; James Garner, 1987 Emmy winner; Mitzi Gaynor, entertainer; Henry Gibson, of TV's *Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In*; Kenneth Gibson, former mayor of Newark; Jack Gilford, former *Cracker Jack* pitchman; Clark Gillies, hockey player; Paulette Goddard, actress; Soma Golden, national news editor, *The New York Times*; Bobby Goldsboro, singer of 1968 number one hit "Honey"; Roy Goodman, New York State senator; Frank Gorshin, *Batman's Riddler*; Katharine Graham, chairman of the board, *The Washington Post Company*; Kathryn Grayson, singer; Dave Guard, former member of the Kingston Trio; Mel Gussow, *New York Times* second-string theater critic.

### NEWS FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS: RESPONDING TO COMPLAINTS

In response to inmate grievance No. M3909, the Universal weight-lifting machine at the New York City Correctional Institution for Men, in East Elmhurst, will soon

## DECEMBER DATEBOOK

### Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming

- 1** Woody Allen's 52nd birthday. He relaxes by editing one funny, cloying movie, shooting some scenes for another funny, cloying movie and reworking the screenplay for a third funny, cloying movie.
- 3** First of 38 *Nutcracker* performances by the New York City Ballet, at the State Theater. It's virtually sold out by now, so have fun explaining the concept of partial-view seats to your five-year-old.
- 6** "The Warhol Legacy," a panel discussion; the Whitney, 945 Madison Avenue; 6:30 p.m. Gee, that's really great.
- 7-11** "Boiler Code Week," sponsored by the American Society of Mechanical Engineers; at three exciting midtown locations: the United Engineering Center, the Summit Hotel and the Doral Inn. The social event of this—of any—year.
- 9** *An Auto-Erotic Misadventure*, or *A Memory Play Now & Then*, a play by F. J. Hartland; at the Ward-Nasse Gallery, 178 Prince Street. With the world's supply of unused titles getting dangerously low (thanks to people like Isaac Asimov), this playwright

appropriates two. For a one-act play.

**12** "Children's Fragrance and Sense of Smell Discovery Program," a workshop; the Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street; 2:00 p.m. New York is, after all, the olfaction capital of the world, as any convenient subway station will remind you.

**12** Rich Little, the comic-impersonator-Canadian, appears at the Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts at Brooklyn College; 8:00 p.m. "Be there when Rich goes wild," urges the BCBC flier unnecessarily, because already we're unfolding subway maps and arguing about whether it's better to catch the

Lex and switch at Atlantic or to maybe just take the No. 2 express all the way to Flatbush.

**13** Bob Hope's Christmas special; NBC-TV, 9:00 p.m. The date is tentative, and so is the host's grasp of the hoary material rolling by on his TelePrompTer.



**15** The Lennon Sisters have their long-overdue star implanted on Hollywood Boulevard's Walk of Fame (it's No. 1862—their birthdate, coincidentally). Approximately one

new star is added per month. "Even at this rate," says a pessimistic Walk of Fame press release, "it will be more than 50 years before the stars in the famed walk will be completely occupied."

**16** First day of Chanukah.

**21** December is the cruelest month. At least, a December during which Leatherette actress-activist-exercisers Jane Fonda and Mary Tyler Moore both turn 50 (today and on the 29th, respectively).

**25** Christmas Day.

**31** No matter how self-consciously you whoop it up (or decline to whoop it up), New Year's Eve invariably caves in on itself, doesn't it? ☹

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### THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

be fixed. The vice president of Royal Sporting Goods has advised the Department of Corrections that shipment of the necessary parts has been delayed; at press time, 27 of the 30 parts had arrived.

In response to inmate grievance No. Q2573, a heavy punching bag will soon be provided at the Queens House of Detention for Men.

In response to inmate complaint No. M5272, a steam kettle will be placed in the kitchen of the New York City Correctional Institution for Men and will be labeled FOR PREPARATION OF MUSLIM MEALS ONLY.

In response to inmate complaint No. K1494, filed by an inmate at the Kross Center, the Department of Corrections is reviewing a draft directive that would reinstate the right to have cardboard portfolios. In April an inmate filed a grievance requesting permission to have a cardboard portfolio in which to hold his legal work, something that he had been allowed to have up to March 29.

### Confidential . . .

To the inmate at the Bronx House of Detention for Men who filed complaint No. X353: although you find being pat-frisked by female corrections officers "degrading...as a human being," Department of Corrections Directive 2255R allows female officers to pat-frisk anyone, except those whose ID cards identify them as Muslim. Does yours?

To the inmate at the Bronx House of Detention for Men who filed grievance No. X199: good news. The medical staff will give you your medication at 9:00 a.m., unless you have to be in court, in which case you will receive your medication earlier.

To the inmate at the New York City Correctional Institution for Men who filed grievance No. M3852: the Inmate Grievance Resolution Committee has found that there are a lot of reasons why a visitor might have to wait six hours before seeing you—"inmates not in dorm," "counts," "large amount of visitors." But they say a six-hour wait should be the exception, not the rule. ☹

	CANDIDATE	ODDS THIS MONTH	ODDS LAST MONTH	RANK LAST MONTH	COMMENTS	SYMBOLS
Republicans	1 Bush	3 : 1	3 : 1	1		\$ ☞
	2 Dole	3 : 1	3 : 1	2		☎ ☞
	3 Kemp	15 : 1	18 : 1	4	Now leads second string	\$ ☞
	4 Du Pont	20 : 1	18 : 1	3	Only hope for Delaware	\$ ☞
	5 Baker	25 : 1	25 : 1	5	Mainstream's last resort	☞
	6 Robertson	75 : 1	75 : 1	8	Wild oats could help	\$ ?
	7 Haig	100 : 1	100 : 1	9	Stuck in the bunker	☞
	8 Trump	100 : 1	—	—		\$ ☞
Democrats	1 Gephardt	5 : 1	6 : 1	2		☎
	2 Dukakis	6 : 1	5 : 1	1	Sidetracked by image trouble	\$ ?
	3 Gore	8 : 1	10 : 1	4	Making his stand in Dixie	☎
	4 Simon	8 : 1	6 : 1	3	Reverse charisma wearing thin	☎ ☞
	5 Cuomo	15 : 1	30 : 1	8	Longer he's out, better he looks	☞ ☞
	6 Jackson	25 : 1	30 : 1	7	Motorcade getting longer	☎ ☞
	7 Babbitt	25 : 1	15 : 1	5		☞
	8 Bradley	30 : 1	18 : 1	6	Heading for the showers	☞

### SYMBOLS

☞ getting good press ☞ getting bad press ☎ showing organizational strength  
\$ showing fundraising strength ☞ moving up quickly ☞ moving down quickly ? personality questions

## GOD, THAT'S GOOD!

**S**urely it isn't easy to make a record. Musicians need help, and many turn to a certain Mr. Big who can pull strings for them. Clive Davis? Ahmet Ertegun? Bigger. In the fine print of record covers and sleeves, these recording artists give thanks to their main man—the big producer in the sky.

**Special thanks to God, Jamie and Steve, Fink, Bobby Z, Andre . . .**

PRINCE, *Dirty Mind* (1980)

**Special thanks to The Creator, my Mother Betty Gladden . . . my dog Ganja.**

RICK JAMES, *Cold Blooded* (1983)

**Finally, and above all, I give eternal thanks to the Supreme Being who through all my adversities kept my talent intact so that I might once again share it with the world.**

ISAAC HAYES, *U-Turn* (1986)

**Thanks to: ALLAH, the beneficent [sic], the merciful, Nicky Skopelitis, Mike, Bernard Fowler, Afrika Bambaataa . . .**

THE LAST POETS, *OH My People* (1984)



**2 my heavenly Father, our Lord Jesus Christ, "you're my saviour"**

SHEILA E., *Sheila E* (1987)

**I Love You Bunches: God, Prince, Hal Ray, Johanan Vigoda, Jerry Brandt, Wolf, Ed Sanders, Allen Zentz, Morris Day . . .**

VANITY, *Wild Animal* (1984)

**I would like to give special thanks to: God for being "Just A Touch Away."**

FREDDIE JACKSON, *Just Like the First Time* (1986)

**THANKS GOD YOU'RE STILL THE BEST**

TANIA MARIA, *Made in New York* (1985)

**RUN-D.M.C. AND JAM MASTER JAY WOULD LIKE TO THANK—GOD, COURTNEY WILLIAMS, RUNNY RAY, HOLLIS CREW. . . AND EVERYONE AT PROFILE RECORDS.**

RUN-D.M.C., *Raising Hell* (1986)

**I would like to thank most of all the one who makes it possible for me to sing the way I do and be who I am: GOD, for without him I could do nothing. And that's that!!!**

MELISA MORGAN, *Do Me Baby* (1986)

—Jill Pearlman



*Happy Holidays, Honey...*



Gee-willikers! A jingle bells necktie. Forties French all cotton thermal undershirts, black cashmere socks, a tortoise shell pen, the thinnest matte lizard wallet. Coziest red and black houndstooth trousers, softest green suede loafers, vintage cuff links, honey bath cream. And a gal who hangs one sheer black stocking from the mantle. I'm the luckiest guy in the world!

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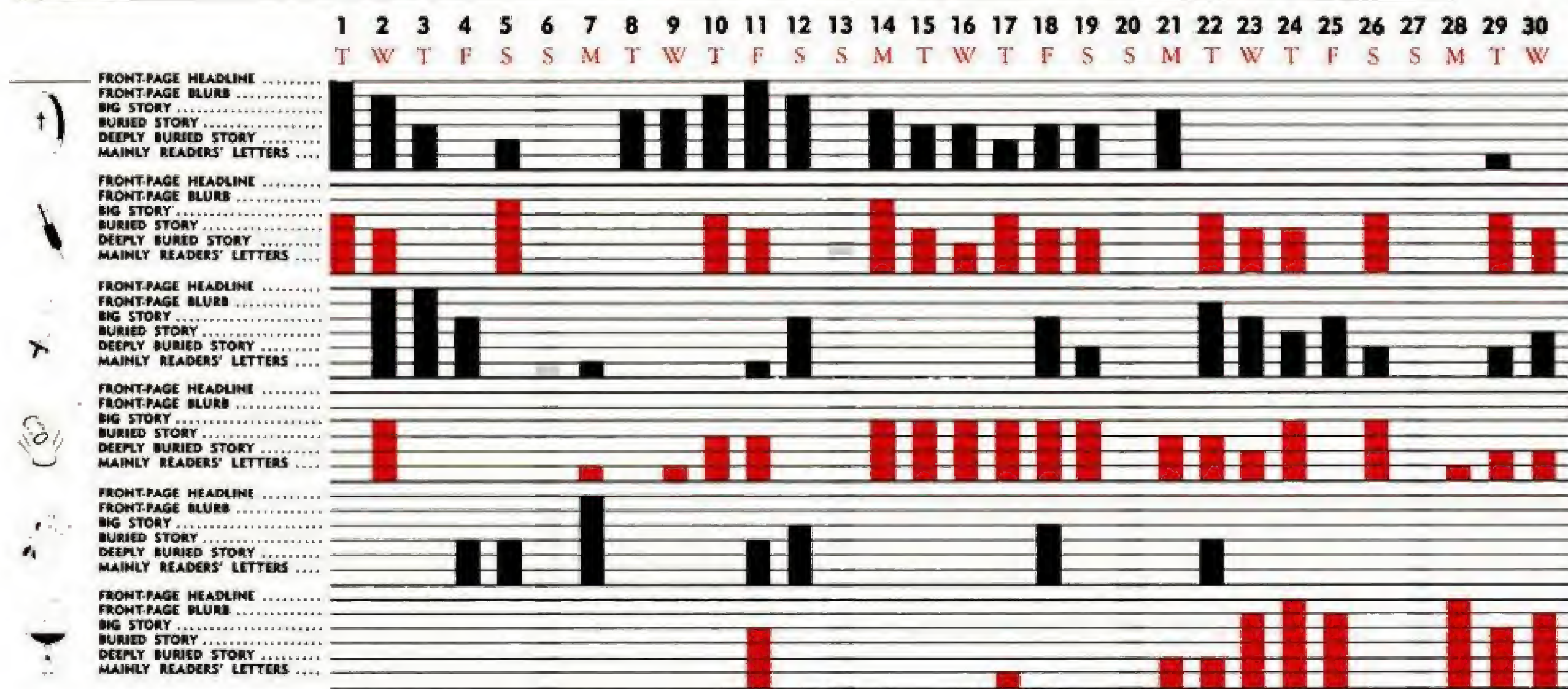
# THE NEW YORK POST IN A NUTSHELL A Monthly SPY Service Feature

THE STORIES and their symbols

We thought we'd have an entire month without Marla Hanson—but with pluck and a stubborn refusal to fade away, she snagged the headlines again. (That's 17 minutes now.) Nazis didn't fare as well—they were only in stories about the pope—and Bernie Goetz was martyred. For fans of *Born Free*, a courageous woman raised a baby bat in her bra. For fans of *Car 54, Where Are You?*, a cop mistook a pet boxer for a pit bull and shot it dead. —Adam-Troy Castro

-  THE POPE'S AMERICAN TOUR
-  AIDS
-  ISLAMIC FANATICS
-  THE DOOMED JUDGE BORK NOMINATION
-  THE MAFIA
-  JESSICA HAHN

SEPTEMBER



## THE GOOD OLD DAYS ON WALL STREET

### Interoffice Memorandum

Mr. Merrill Lynch

Subject: SHOE SHINE AND SHOE REPAIRS

Effective March 10, 1987 the shoe shine personnel will have beepers. Please note the following beeper numbers and locations available to you for speedy service.

Beeper #	MFC	OLP
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616-4534	7, 8, & 15	
616-4539	4, 9 Thru 12,	
616-4534	14, 16, 18, & 19	
616-4562	5 & 6	5 Thru 19 & 26 Thru 34
		20 & 21

If you do not receive a response from your call, please call Jose Morales, president of Argent Executive Polish, Inc., at beeper number: 205-5268.

Please note that these locations are on a temporary basis until World Financial North Tower Building D has completed its move. Then in a few weeks a card will be distributed with beeper numbers and permanent locations.

Thank You.

Sincerely,

*[Signature]*

Jose Morales  
President, Vice President  
Argent Executive Polish, Inc.

An actual memo from March 11, 1987  
(closing Dow: 2,268)



ROHRER/LEO

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## THE NEW YORK OBSERVER IN A NUTSHELL

Here are some reporting beats that take guts to cover: drug wars, the Mafia, Christmas shopping. So we were delighted when the new *New York Observer* proclaimed that it was going to take on "the Beat of Manhattan." It's about time this city had a weekly—a baby-aspirin-colored weekly at that—as compelling, as daring, as *now* as the tweedy readership whose minor woes it chronicles. Some of the first two months' headlines:

### On the issues

**DOCTORS FEELING THE PRESSURE  
OF INCREASED RENTS**

**DIGNITY AND DECENCY RECEDE AS  
ABNORMAL INTIMACY TAKES HOLD**

**CITY TO BEGIN CRACKDOWN  
ON LITTERBUGS**

**CONSUMER OFFICIAL  
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### True stories

**NO ACTION YET  
ON SETTING UP S.R.O. FUND**

**3-CARD MONTE:  
THE GAME OF THE STREETS**

**DEBATES RAGED, NEUROSIS GREW  
IN 50'S BROOKLYN**

**PANCAKE HOUSE SUED**

**CONSUMER OFFICIAL  
THREATENS MILK SUIT**

### Human interest

**WARMTH AND STYLE  
IN HANDMADE SWEATERS**

**THE NEXT WAVE:  
PLATFORM CONSTRUCTION**

**EAST 7TH STREET'S "EGG MARKET"**

**CONSUMER OFFICIAL  
THREATENS MILK SUIT**

### Captions that really make you want to look at the photograph

"A nap in Central Park."

"Parks Department employee Milton Diaz attends to a sandbox in Washington Square Park."

"On a park bench at Sixth Avenue and Canal Street."  
—Rachel Urquhart

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## OUR REGULAR D.C. SCORECARD

We believe that President Reagan didn't know a criminal conspiracy was brewing in the bowels of the White House and the Old Executive Office Building next door. We believe that the president didn't believe he was granting undue influence to Mike Deaver and Lyn Nofziger, government PR men turned private PR men. We believe that this president is not a dissembler, not a liar, not a crook. And just to show our good faith—to prove we know exactly who has been caught breaking the law and who has not—we present our Reagan administration rap sheet for 1987 and 1988.

### GUILTY ADMINISTRATION OFFICIALS AND ASSOCIATES

### INDICTED ADMINISTRATION OFFICIALS AND ASSOCIATES

### UNINDICTED ADMINISTRATION OFFICIALS AND ASSOCIATES

Carl R. "Spitz" Channell,  
*private fundraiser (pleaded guilty)*  
Richard R. Miller,  
*Reagan campaigner (pleaded guilty)*  
William Casey,  
*former CIA director (dead)*

Michael Deaver,  
*former White House deputy chief of staff*  
Lyn Nofziger,  
*former senior adviser to Reagan*

Elliott Abrams,  
*assistant secretary of State*  
Oliver L. North,  
*formerly of the National Security Council*  
John M. Poindexter,  
*former national security adviser*  
Robert C. "Bud" McFarlane,  
*former national security adviser*  
Richard V. Secord,  
*retired Air Force major general*  
Donald T. Regan,  
*former White House chief of staff*  
Edwin Meese,  
*attorney general*  
George Bush,  
*vice president*  
Ronald Reagan,  
*president*

The Robert Gottlieb New Yorker resembles the William Shawn New Yorker in at least one regard: there is still no way for readers to comment, in print, on what the magazine is publishing. Therefore, SPY is once again entertaining Letters to the Editor of The New Yorker. Please address correspondence to "Dear Bob," c/o SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012.

DEAR BOB,  
"Searching for Kaaterskill Falls" [August 3] inspired us to discover whether the trek to the falls is as tedious as Naomi Bliven's narrative about her failed three-year search for that icon of the Hudson River School of painting.

Lacking the romantic spirit that led Ms. Bliven on her tearful wild-goose chase through the Catskills, we obtained a regional guidebook and trail map. These led us from Route 23A directly up the Kaaterskill Creek to the falls. En route we encountered hordes of New Yorkers, including a Hasidic family of six, a video crew and a family coaxing a wheezing, ancient black Labrador up the slope. At the top of the falls we found graffiti from the early 1800s and a barefoot watercolorist tethered to a tree, attempting (unsuccessfully, like Ms. Bliven) to capture Kaaterskill Falls.

Upon reflection, you deserve credit for warning New Yorker readers about the American wilderness lurking beyond Manhattan's shores, and also for recognizing Ms. Bliven's originality—she avoided the obvious jaunt along well-trodden forest trails to create instead her own torturous bog of an article.

Michael A. Gollin  
Lanesville, New York

Mr. Gollin's letter inspired us to dig up Naomi Bliven's essay, which we had missed. We made it as far as the fourth page (of 16), coming to a halt in a chunk of prose a couple of pages past the Hamilton cartoon. Tragically, although a Lorenz cartoon, with which we'd hoped to pole ourselves along a little farther, lay tantalizingly within view, we never got there: the last sentence we remember reading was "My husband went back to the city, and I began to ask the people I dealt with where the falls were." ☹



"Do you not be happy with me as the translator of the books of you?"


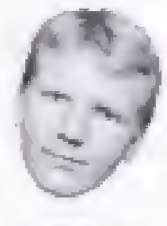





d

uring their Super Bowl-winning season last year, the New York Giants seemed to be a pretty stolid, self-contained bunch of athletes. But that final whistle at the championship game must have done something to them—unleashed the thoughts and feelings that had remained pent up those long weeks and months. Five players, as well as the coach, felt com-

## GIANTS AMONG AUTHORS: Six Views of That Championship Season

pelled to pour out their life stories to sympathetic sportswriters. (Another player, Harry Carson, had already done so the year before.) These candid accounts of the hard-hitting game of pro football take you behind the scenes for an unforgettable look at an unforgettable season. You won't forget it. Yours for a combined total of \$111.70. Or, alternatively, read on. —James Traub

	Lawrence Taylor's <i>LT: Living on the Edge</i>	Phil Simms and Phil McConkey's <i>Simms to McConkey: Blood, Sweat and Gatorade</i>	Jim Burt's <i>Hard Nose: The Story of the 1986 Giants</i>	Harry Carson's <i>Point of Attack: The Defense Strikes Back</i>	Head coach Bill Parcells's <i>Parcells: Autobiography of the Biggest Giant of Them All</i>	Leonard Marshall's <i>Leonard Marshall: The End of the Line</i>
 <b>On Taylor</b>	"I'm a wild man in a wild game." Believes that rules are for other people.	Great player, doesn't like lifting weights.	"Deep down, he's a very good person."	"An erratic person." Criticizes fellow players too much. Doesn't answer fan mail.	No. 56 in your program, No. 1 in his heart.	"I think he would much rather other people think of him as Lawrence the Great."
 <b>On Simms</b>	Gutsy, though also a "semi-dick."	Doesn't like to brag.	"A competitor and a winner."	No mention	"Great. I mean, great."	"I've never known a tougher guy."
 <b>On Burt</b>	"[Won't] let up till he's got you." Also, cheats at golf.	Tries extra hard.	Overachiever, high pain threshold, irrepressible prankster.	No mention	One of the best nose tackles in the business.	Overrated; has exaggerated sense of self-esteem. "He's caught up in this ego thing. . . ."
 <b>On Carson</b>	Erratic—he'll "stand up for you then . . . put you down." Lady-killer.	No mention	No mention	"Sometimes I wonder if I should be in football, I'm so nice." Religious, answers all fan mail.	"One of the all-time greats in the NFL at the position of linebacker."	"In charge of tormenting rookies."
 <b>On Parcells</b>	"A guy who knows how to motivate. . . . He'll mess with your head to do it."	"He's as honest with us as a coach can be."	"The guy can piss the brass balls off a monkey but he's also a great friend."	"Bill's strength is his ability to communicate."	"I'm a Jersey guy." Captain of his own goddamn ship.	"Shit, President Reagan should hire him, make him Secretary of Defense."
 <b>On Current Salary</b>	Happy after Giants agreed to pay him \$1 million bonus to keep him from jumping to USFL.	Too embarrassed to discuss it.	"Underpaid? You bet."	Underpaid. Offended that lineman George Martin earns \$25,000 more than he.	No problem.	Bitter. "I feel I should be making more. A lot more. . . . You can never be too well off."
 <b>On Use of Stimulants/Intoxicants</b>	Once drank 300 beers with five or six friends. Once addicted to cocaine and crack.	McConkey "drinks like a girl."	Seltzer water.	"I don't smoke, drink, or use drugs." Knows how to roll joints.	"You better have a game plan for dope, is what I'm saying."	"I want to be recognized as a guy who lived a good, clean life."
 <b>Strange But True</b>	Kicked drug habit by playing golf.	Simms—oldest white man on the squad.	Eats big bowl of Ronzoni for breakfast on game day.	Terrified of being hospitalized in San Francisco: "I had a nightmare that I'd be attacked by gays."	Throws car in reverse if black cat crosses road.	Was hearing Wynton Marsalis jazz tune in head during Super Bowl. ☺



"I don't know the guy throwing  
this party, but he's got lousy  
taste in art."

"Really?"

"And great taste in cocktails."

"Thank you."

"Oh.....Hi....."



***Crown Royal Cocktails. The fun is back.***



## Naked City

### 1 STOP AND SHOP AND DROP

In 1986 there were 122,108 bouncing little New Yorkers born.

Of that number, 395 were not born in hospitals.

Conclusion: 395 mothers knew something that other mothers didn't know—namely, that there are better places than hospitals to have a baby in New York. *Places that give you things.*

SPY made a few calls and separated the good places to have a baby from the bad.

#### GOOD PLACES TO HAVE A BABY

1. Cartier would give any baby born there a silver spoon, because "getting one is the next best thing to being born with one in your mouth."
2. There's a Benetton teddy bear for any baby born at 012 Benetton, at 996 Lexington Avenue. The manager, however, hopes it never happens, because she would "totally freak out."
3. In keeping with the 92nd Street Y's tradition of serving people, the proud parents would receive a free membership to the Y's Parenting Center.
4. Any baby born at Carnegie Hall would start life with a kiss from Isaac Stern and a ticket to that evening's performance.
5. Rumor had it that Shea Stadium would give any baby born there free Mets tickets for life. Nope. "We'd probably just give him a little hat," said the Mets.

#### BAD PLACES TO HAVE A BABY

1. Van Cleef & Arpels is clearly not prepared for babies. "Although we think it's a good question, we really can't participate at this time."
2. "Nobody here knows what to say," admitted a spokesman for Radio City Music Hall. Not even an autographed picture of the Rockettes? "Oh, no, no, no. We can't say that."
3. The Russian Tea Room's response was "Sorry, Mary is not at her desk right now."
4. Trump Tower was a little shocked at the idea. "It's not the kind of thing Mr. Trump does."
5. It's not the kind of thing the Statue of Liberty does, either. "Babies?" said the

Statue's people.

"Our chairman would be appalled if a baby was born here."

6. Museums: The Guggenheim didn't call back.

The Metropolitan laughed, agreed it was a good question and hung up. The American Museum of Natural History never answered. Neither did the *Intrepid*.

7. The Helmsley Palace was asked. Leona never responded. We wouldn't stay at any hotel that doesn't have a midwife—why should you?

8. To date, the Metropolitan Opera has no policy on babies.

9. Palladium was unprepared for babies because "our PR person won't be back for a month."

Of the 17 places that responded to our survey, only 29.4% are ready for babies.

On the other hand, 75% of the respondents in Iola, Wisconsin (pop. 957), know how to make a baby feel welcome.

#### GOOD PLACES TO HAVE A BABY IN IOLA, WISCONSIN

1. The First State Bank (148 North Main Street) would give any baby born there a United States savings bond.
2. The Coin Restaurant (110 Meadow Lane) would give the mother a free meal.
3. Cleaves' Sports Shop (110 North Main Street) would develop any pictures of the birth, absolutely free.

#### BAD PLACES TO HAVE A BABY IN IOLA, WISCONSIN

1. Ted & Al's Union 76 (110 Depot Street) offers nothing to new babies—not even a free oil change.

*How to get to Iola, Wisconsin:* Hail a cab going uptown. Take I-80 west until you reach Illinois. Make a right. When you get to Wisconsin, ask someone where Iola is.

—Randi Hacker and Jackie Kaufman,  
with Kit Kiefer in Iola, Wisconsin



Here's how to  
bring back the fun.

### The Royal Ball



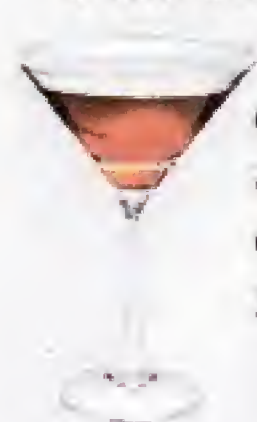
Crown Royal with a splash of club soda over ice with a twist.

### The Royal Peach



Equal parts of Crown Royal and Leroux Peach Basket Schnapps over ice with a splash of club soda.

### The Royal Manhattan



One part Crown Royal and a half part sweet vermouth with a dash of bitters and a plump maraschino cherry.

### The Royal Splash



Equal parts of Crown Royal and sour mix over ice, with a splash of club soda, a dash of grenadine, and a wedge of lime.





## Naked City

THE TIMES



Max



Punch



Abe



HERE ANYONE OUT there who still reads Abe Rosenthal's maundering, meandering column? He has surely squandered one of journalism's great franchises (open-topic column on the Op-Ed page of the most important newspaper in the country) in almost record time. It took years for people to stop reading James Reston; it took them just weeks to stop reading Rosenthal's unoriginal ditherings. Even the labored title, *On My Mind*, is borrowed—from a column in his friend Helen Gurley Brown's magazine, *Cosmopolitan*, which Brown herself has written in the past. It was considerably more diverting than Abe's own, although at times it seems that Rosenthal and Brown take turns writing each other's columns. A quiz: from whose *On My Mind* are the following passages culled? (See answers below.)

(1) "Many of the profiles printed about her [Gloria Steinem] attribute her fame largely to her appearance. Nonsense; many women are attractive and chic, but they do not achieve international reputation. . . . She is wonderfully good to talk and argue with."

(2) "Surely we *all* feel pain and sorrow for [AIDS] sufferers and their loved ones. There aren't any cheer-up messages about the disease, but what bothers, no frightens me is the puritanical mutterings I hear."

It may just be that Abe is now too lazy, too complacent or just too tired to care much about his day job after making the A-list rounds leashed to his wife and social point-woman, the bosomy dirty-book writer Shirley Lord. *Times* publisher Punch Sulzberger's wife, Carol, has expressed her displeasure in the past over Shirley's shameless use of Abe as a vehicle for her

own social ascension. (It's not Abe *personally* that people are interested in rubbing up against, you understand, but the cachet and power of the *Times*—which is why Carol Sulzberger is so annoyed). Before Abe and Shirley's nuptials, Shirley, like the dewy, fresh-faced bride she isn't, registered at Tiffany. In her lengthy bridal registry she demonstrated a fondness for only the most expensive goods. This placed undue strain on wedding guests and acquaintances of the odd couple, who stampeded to get to the store early to acquire the least expensive items.

In the final negotiations on Abe's \$1.7-million duplex on East 66th Street (which has nine or ten rooms and—a rarity in New York—a fireplace on the upstairs floor, and which is still in the thick of renovations at this writing), he demonstrated the kind of generous, let-me-get-this-round spirit that marked his reign of terror as executive editor of the *Times*. When he and the female owner couldn't agree on who should keep the shower curtain (\$12), Abe sagely turned the matter over to his lawyers (\$150 an hour), who hammered out the sticky negotiations over this detail with *her* lawyers (also \$150 an hour).

Similarly, Rosenthal, who had always appeared downright paranoid about television's power (and how it threatened to diminish the significance of the *Times*), then refused to return the previous owner's cable box to her. The cable company finally had to step in and demand that the man who for ten years all but ruled New York from his pedestal as executive editor of the national newspaper of record *return the lady's cable box to her*.

When the woman's closing on a new apartment was unavoidably postponed, she put all her furniture in storage and asked Abe if she could leave her plants be-

hind in the apartment for a week or two. He had not been planning to move in for months. *Sure*, he in effect said, in a reply negotiated by his lawyers, *just write me a check for \$1,000. If the plants are not gone in seven days, I'm cashing it. And I'll expect another \$1,000 after that, or you'll never see your houseplants again.*

And speaking of greenish things that are dependent on their owners, attract bugs and may never be seen again, has anyone seen Ed Klein lately? Okay, we may have been a trifle rough on him here in past months, but there is no denying that he was glacial on the uptake when it came to his own departure from the *Times*. Executive editor Max Frankel had, for his own reasons, wanted to remove Klein from the *Times Magazine* for some time, but he just couldn't bring himself around to actually doing it. So he chose a more subtle, indirect approach: he had senior editors at the paper take Klein aside in the kind of brotherly fashion the *Times* (and the Gambino family, and the Politburo) is known for and suggest to him that it might not be such a bad idea for him to begin looking elsewhere to ply his manifest talents. Klein stubbornly failed to catch on. Frankel's hand was forced. He originally was going to wait until after Klein's marriage in October before taking formal action, if only to spare Klein an embarrassing wedding announcement write-up in the *Times*. But Frankel changed his mind at the last moment, and two weeks before the happy day, he called Klein into his office to say goodbye. Klein cleaned out his desk the week before he was married, taking with him a settlement of \$370,000.

Answers to *On My Mind* quiz:

(1) Rosenthal. (2) Brown.

—J. J. Hunsecker



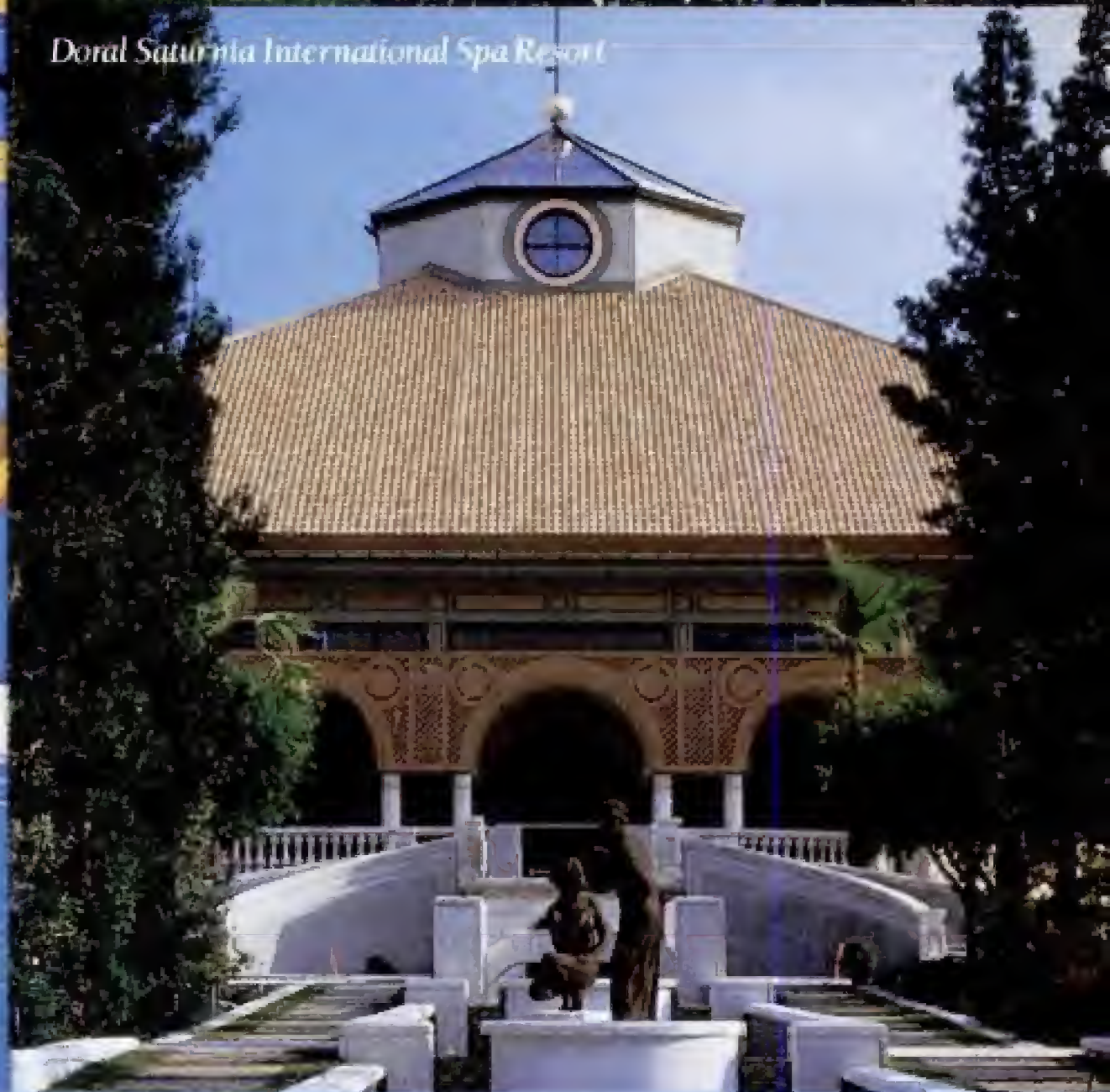
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Ry  
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Rhythm

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Non-New Yorkers ♥ New York—17 million of them dropped by during 1986. But the typical out-of-towner is not drawn to the nouveau tasteful hot spots that New Yorkers desperately embrace—Bellini, Bice, Nell's, NoHo. No, the non-New Yorker takes from this city very different, very special memories—of Oh! Calcutta! matinees; of bulb-lit dinners and all the beer, wine and sangria he or she could drink at Beefsteak Charlie's; of partying till dawn at Adam's Apple; of romantic late-night walks up Sixth Avenue (sorry, Avenue of the Americas) shoulder to shoulder with platoons of earnest Japanese. ANN HODGMAN wanted to find this New York, the New York as others see it, the proverbial nice-place-to-visit.



# Impersonating a Tourist

*If  
It's Tuesday,  
This Must  
Be Mamma  
Leone's*

ONE WOMAN'S

TRUE STORY



GIVEN THAT THE PERFECT VACATION IS A BEAUTIFUL hotel room and a big stack of magazines, I've never understood why people become tourists. On the other hand, I've also never understood why New Yorkers hate tourists so much. I realize it's a crime not to be from New York, but if you don't live here, why should you have to pretend to?

Of course, I have been pretending to live in New York ever since I moved away, which made it doubly excruciating when, in the interest of better understanding our new, out-of-town friends, I recently posed (or pretended to pose) as a tourist in the city for a few days.

**1** "WHERE YOU FROM? NEW JERSEY?" asked my cabdriver the instant I stepped into the taxi at Port Authority. "Connecticut," I snapped, looking down at my clothes in horror. What had tipped him off? The white shoes? Or had he seen me coming out of the bathroom?

That had been my first stop after getting off the bus. Figuring that no tourist would know enough to steer clear of a Port Authority bathroom, I'd

and pitched in for as long as it took, it was time for me to go off and be mortified elsewhere.

Off to a Madison Avenue bookstore, where I furtively bought a guidebook to the city. "Have fun! Be careful!" the salesman told me. *This city eats gals like you.* "Oh, I live here," I assured him as I rushed out the door.

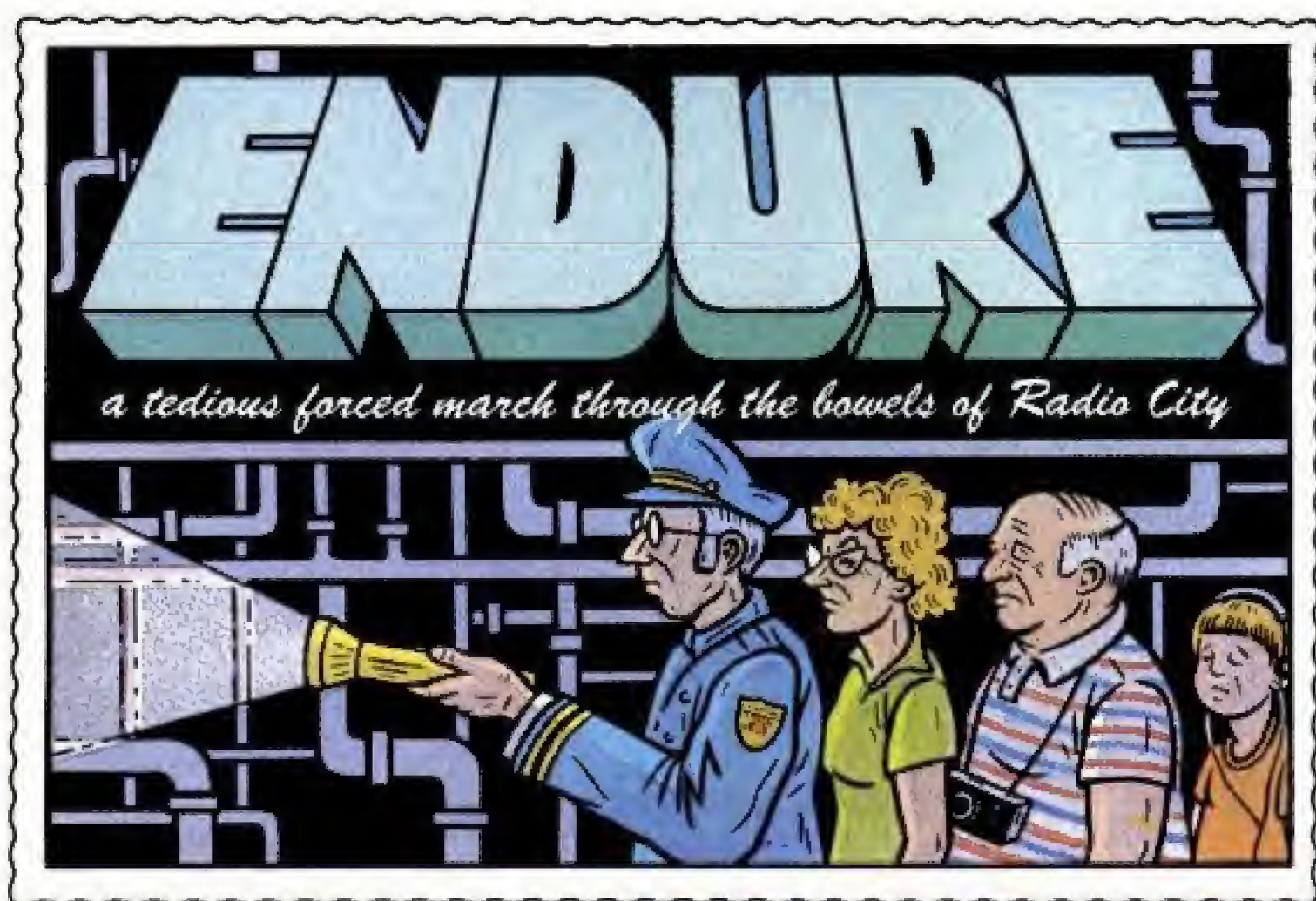
Guidebook in hand, I sneaked over to **The New York Experience** (Avenue of the Americas between 48th and 49th Streets), the mixed-media show aimed at convincing tourists that New York City is just a larger version of Expo 67. The show does offer a vision of the city that's at least realistically chaotic. For one thing, it's housed in what purports to be a turn-of-the-century amusement arcade. (Why?) A bespectacled girl in one mural carries a sign reading GIVE MOTHER THE VOTE; the shadow of a mechanical violinist sways back and forth in a window; a wooden barrow with the sign JOE'S FRUITS AND VEGETABLES (*sic*) sells T-shirts, bumper stickers, pencils and cups, all bearing the *New York Experience* logo. All very old-fashioned, as you can see.

As the audience files into the theater, the speakers hidden in the ceiling (there are also bells secreted beneath the seats) inexplicably begin "talking." "Harry! Stop that! *Harry!*" a woman's voice scolds. Another speaker shouts, "Aw, c'mon! When's this thing gonna start, man?" When enough of the loudspeakers have begun clapping in rhythm, the *Experience* begins.

The 13-year-old film you're shown—a history of New York and a long discourse about what it all means—is in the best tradition of *Hair*. There's a long screen in front, several meaningless small screens on the sides and lots of psychedelic lighting. *Mixed media* is right! When Washington crosses the East River in the fog, a fog machine turns on, making us all worry that there's a fire behind the vents. Nathan Hale speaks his last words and *whoomp!* a freshly hanged effigy drops down on a rope. Later we're shown a selection of befouled New York shoes being scraped off on the sidewalk; sadly, they never bring a dog onstage.

By the time I finished experiencing all this, it was late on a Friday afternoon. Maybe that's why I didn't have as much fun at the tour of **Radio City Music Hall** (Avenue of the Americas between 50th and 51st Streets) as I might have.

"One hour!" I barely managed not to scream when I found out how long it would take. One hour with a guide who talked as tonelessly as a flight attendant, and with the same strangely accented syllables ("We refer to these columns *as* our silent ushers"). One hour of facts obviously dredged up to make the tour *take* an hour ("The Grand Lounge is on the same level as the hydraulic system. . . . The hydraulic pistons are 68 feet long and made of nickel and chrome. The steam curtain is punctured with many tiny holes"). One hour in which a for-

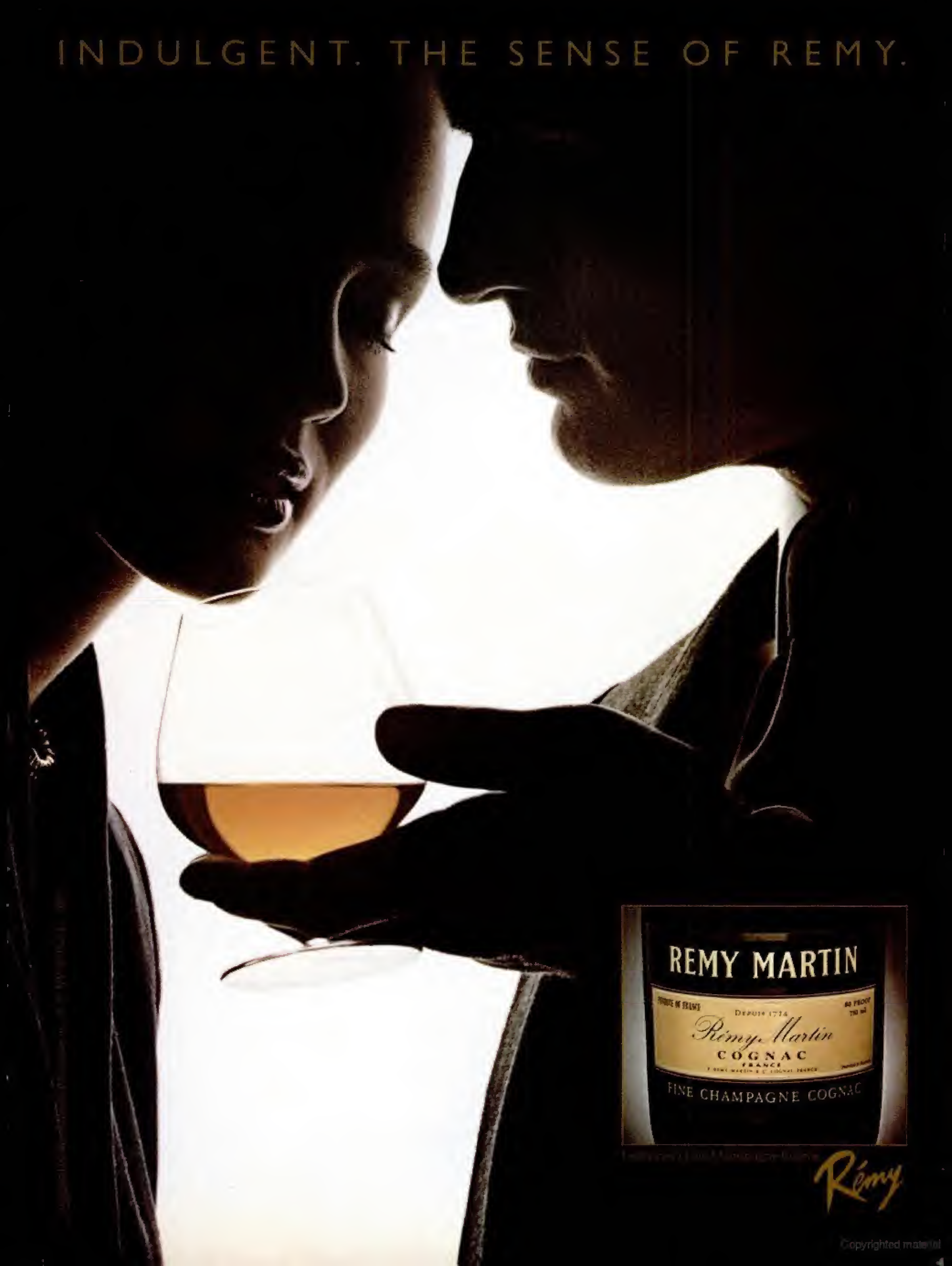


walked into one, with all my suitcases, and put in my contact lenses. This afforded me an excellent introduction to the city.

"Miss! There's people waiting out here! You've gotta come out now!" one woman hollered through a stall door at another. Miss preserved a dignified silence, probably the best course of action, since she was lying on the floor inside the stall. "I've only been in here for a few minutes," she finally mumbled. Squawks of outrage from the first woman, who began to show signs of trying to enlist me in the battle to remove the stranger from the stall. Although the genuine tourist might well have stayed



INDULGENT. THE SENSE OF REMY.

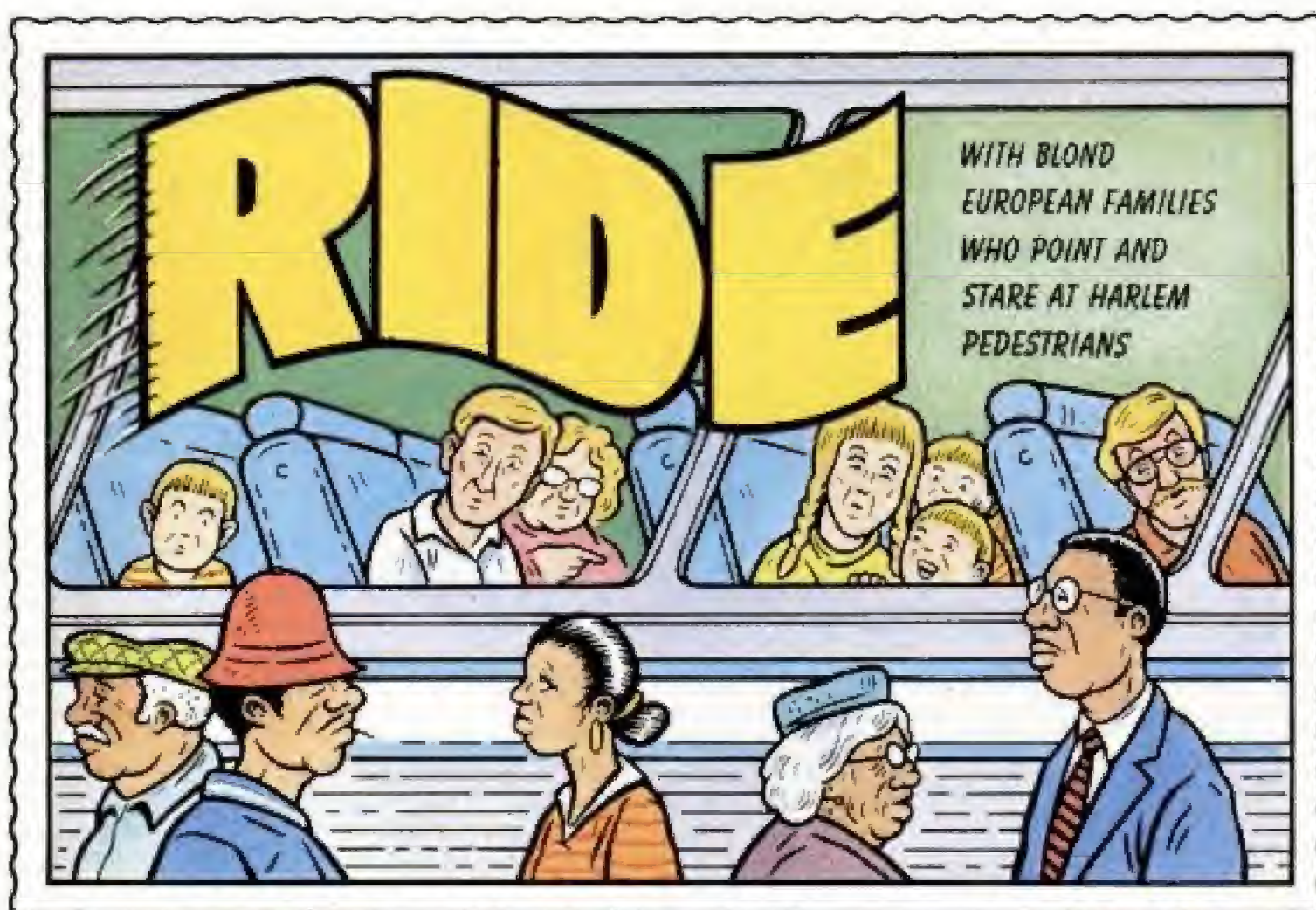


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*Remy*

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eign woman in the crowd kept asking, "Special effects? Sound?," refusing to believe that the guide didn't understand her.

Like me, my fellow tourists got pretty cranky as the hour dribbled by. "Wait till you see the auditorium. It is *big*," one man told his eight-year-old daughter, who was about to faint from boredom.

"But when are we going to see the mummy?" the little girl asked.

"Not today. It's too late already."

"You mean we're just going back to Leonora's apartment?"

"I don't know. Now, look at the auditorium."

"Is this Broadway or something?"

"No."

By the end of the tour no one was thinking about anything except sitting down. My companions kept hurling themselves into any chairs we

# GIVE OUR REGARDS TO BROADWAY

BY MARK O'DONNELL

The hit musical glitters on the mottled breast of Broadway like a shiny ID tag on an unconscious bum. While Off-Broadway swinks through its workaday profanity and dead-end futurism, Broadway, the Great White Hype, the Zircon of Great Price, the Glistening Extrovert, reassuringly beckons, *Come, outlander, and say you have seen!*

Choosing your show from the current lineup of long-runners can be difficult. The following data, properly posted, may spare poor and older theatergoers unnecessary trips to TKTS. Where do you want to eat afterward?

## SHOW →

**TOP TICKET PRICE**  
**UNNERVING BUT ACTUAL SLOGAN**

**MOST DISMAYING COLLABORATOR**

**ALTERNATE TITLE**

**STYLE**

**SETTING**

**COSTUMES**

**SAMPLE OF EMOTIONAL PITCH**

**PRECEDENT**

**OVERHEARD IN LOBBY**

**OUTSTANDING IRONY**

## A CHORUS LINE

\$45  
It Never Ends

—

*42nd Street Without a Plot or Costumes*

psycho-pop

bare stage; at most, mirrors

street clothes, for added seriousness

"Mom and Dad were doin' it!"

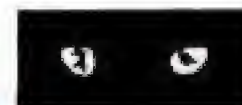
*Spoon River Anthology*

"We did it in school, and I'm sick of the lines!"

It glorifies unknowns without helping the careers of its cast of unknowns



## CATS



\$47.50  
Now and Forever

T. S. Eliot

*The Ziegfeld Felines, or Fur on the Gams*

amorpho-pop

magnified junkyard

Rod Stewart shipwrecked

—

Felix and his bag of tricks

"We saw *For Me and My Gal* last night, and we're seeing *Runaway Train* tomorrow!"

Though it's otherwise plotless, no one hears or recalls the verses it's built around

## LES MISÉRABLES



\$47.50  
The Musical Sensation

Victor Hugo

*Oliver! With a Hangover*

grim-dank—It's As If It's Great—opera

period junkyard

not just gray but grey

a woman with frizzy Titian hair dies

*Nicholas Nickleby*

"You thought it was the American Revolution? It's the French Revolution!"

Drinks are served in a cup with a wealthy couple on the side, while souvenir bags feature a starving waif



passed, groaning ostentatiously when it was time to move on. Only the sight of three large aluminum naked women (prudently saved until the end of the tour) roused them. "How do you *know* it's a lady, Justin?" a juicy mom asked her little boy.

"If any of you are visiting New York, I wish you a safe and pleasant stay," our guide told us as we deplaned.

2  
d a y

I WENT TO THE **SOUTH STREET SEAPORT** (Fulton and Water Streets) the next day. There's a *South Street Seaport Experience* here, but I'd had enough Experience by then. Still, I'd decided not to do any more walking ever again, so I had to find someplace where I could sit down.

For people like me, the Seaport's **Children's Museum** (you can tell it's for kids because visitors sit on what look like upended bureau drawers instead of real chairs) has two seagoing documentaries with an appealing educational quality. They made me remember what it was like to see movies in grade school, when I was so glad for a break in the routine that I didn't care what the films were about.

The family in back of me wasn't paying much attention to the movies, though. They were trying to decide whether the **World Trade Center** (bordered by West, Vesey, Church and Liberty Streets) was too far away for their teenage daughter to walk to. "Go! Go! We'll meet you there!" her father finally said. "Don't talk so loud!" the teenager snapped. When she finally did stalk out of the room, you could tell that once again her father had ruined her life.

## The SPY Consumer Guide to Those Long-Running Musicals That Refuse to Close

### ME AND MY GIRL



### 42ND STREET



### LA CAGE AUX FOLLES



### OH! CALCUTTA!



### STARLIGHT EXPRESS



\$47.50	\$47.50	\$47.50	\$45	\$47.50
The Lambeth Walk Musical	All Singing! All Dancing! All Merrick!	(none, though its publicity misleadingly features a beautiful <i>female</i> chorine)	The World's Longest Running Erotic Stage Musical Comedy	Heaven on Wheels
England	—	Harvey Fierstein	Kenneth Tynan	computer technology
<i>Pygmalion Without the Annoying Complexities</i>	<i>The Old Movie, Only Now We're Just Pretending to Pretend</i>	<i>You Can't Take It With You With Wigs</i>	<i>Eros Spelled Backward</i>	<i>The Little Engine That Could Without the Annoying Complexities</i>
aspirins and fudge on a hot day	reactionary revivalist	imitation cornball	<i>Sex to Sixty</i> for phonies	roller derby—Ice Capades
<i>My Fair Lady's</i> East End without the starkness	the old movie freed of kinetic crosscutting and camera movement	department store window in Brobdingnag	a condo on Tobacco Road	apocalyptic Erector Set
Cecil Beaton for preteens	colorized	Rio via Reno	—	GoBots/Trans Formers licensing violation
"By George, she's got it!" ( <i>Wink.</i> )	"Sawyer, think of <i>musical comedy</i> , the two most glorious words in the English language!"	"With you it looks good, with you it looks great, with you it looks grand."	"I mean, what is the point? I mean, what does it prove? I mean, the size of my joint? I mean, the size of my groove?"	"Woo woo, woo woo! Nobody does it like a steam train! Woo woo, woo woo! Nobody does it like a steam train!"
The Three Stooges in <i>Hi, Society!</i>	<i>42nd Street</i>	<i>Uncle Tom's Cabin</i>	<i>Getting Gertie's Garter</i>	John Henry legend (minus humans)
"Twelve million dollars? No wonder they won't let you smoke inside!"	"It's like the old movie, only without stars."	"They're not necessarily gay. You can play a rapist and not be a rapist."	"右は、作曲家・武満徹の小説を、模したものの「青月」と題された内象徴するように、骨化した文字の周いまだ風化せぬ肉片が附属する."	"Did they do the number they did on the Tonys?"
Robert Lindsay played Hamlet; Jim Dale starred in <i>Joe Egg</i>	Its director died on opening night, as if to put its bid for moxie beyond criticism	The lovers never kiss	You forget they're nude	In this day and age, none



I am aware that my mission was not to hate every place I went to, but what an *American* place the Seaport is! Any out-of-towner would recognize it instantly for what it is: a mall. The historical sequins tacked on here and there—cobblestones, big old ships in the harbor—are more jarring than uplifting. Looking out at the harbor through the windows of **The Sharper Image** outlet (Pier 17) only made me seasick.

I'm happy to say that the **Empire State Building** (Fifth Avenue and 34th Street) is still there, but the lines to get to the top were so long the day I visited that only tourists who had come from thousands of miles away were standing in them. I consoled myself with the basement of the building instead—the **Guinness World Records Exhibit Hall**.

It's not the Frick, exactly. The exhibit of record-setting animals is largely made out of construction-paper cutouts; the dummy of the fattest man in the world—a regular-size mannequin in huge clothes—appears to be held together with duct tape. And do they really think we'll be fooled by the exhibit of the most teeth extracted by one dentist

cause his nostrils are so big that they should have won their own world's record. As you watch, you just can't *believe* the bees won't fly into them.

Come on. Which would you rather do: visit the top of a building that is no longer the tallest in the world or see (in its basement) a picture of "the human mannequin," who remained motionless for more than eight hours even while being stabbed by a man trying to prove he was really a dummy?

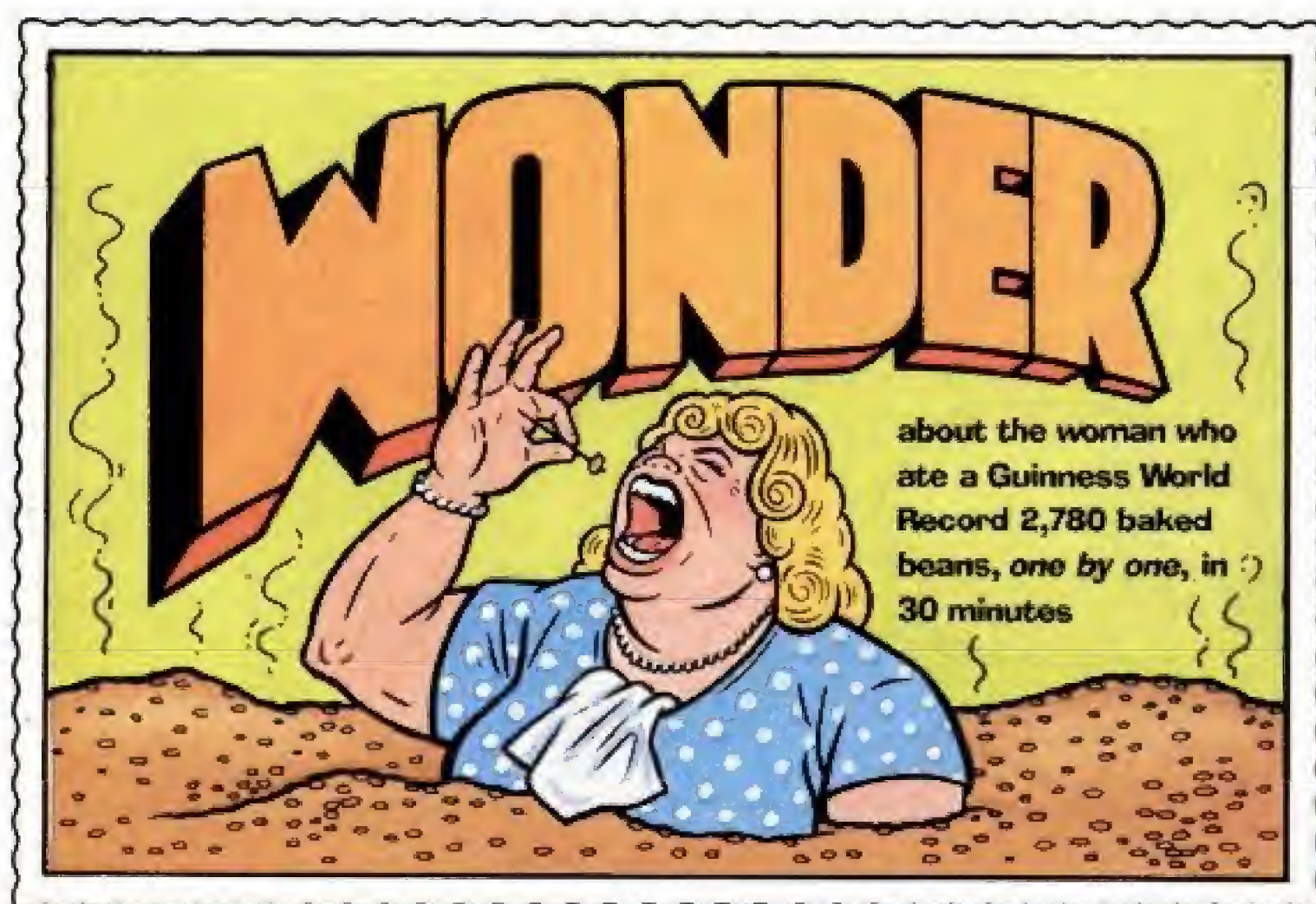
World records aside, it became increasingly clear to me that what my New York friends wanted me to see was Harlem. "You'll take a tour of Harlem, won't you?" my friends kept asking. "Tourists *love* to do that." I don't know about tourists; the Short Line bus I saw leaving for Harlem looked pretty full of New Yorkers—*titillated* New Yorkers. I have no way of proving that, though. Having found myself utterly unable to ask about the Harlem Spiritual Tour, I was stuck with one of the regular ones that cover New York from Harlem to the Battery.

The tour bus left from the **Times Square Hotel** (43rd Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues), which should be squalid enough for anyone. Here, while we waited for our bus to leave, a beautiful young Scandinavian family on the hotel steps was treated to the sight of a young man so drunk that he was keeping himself upright by holding on to an older woman's face as they moved along the sidewalk. From inside the bus we watched them calmly—just another sight.

We stopped first at the **Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine** (Amsterdam Avenue and West 112th Street). Everyone smoking put out their cigarettes (something no one bothered to do later in a **Chinatown temple**, Mott Street between Canal and Bayard Streets), and we tiptoed around while the congregation at the church service in progress tried to ignore us.

After a drive by **Grant's Tomb** (122nd Street and Riverside Drive), we headed into **Harlem**, and now I was filled with prayerful thanks for not having spent an entire tour there. It was torture listening to our guide explain Harlem to foreigners, especially in front of our black bus driver. The guide was terribly flustered, too. "On your left are more of the black paintings—more of the paintings by that *Panamanian* artist I was telling you about. . . . The first black people in New York were brought—um, *arrived* in the 1600s. There were eleven of them. Now there are more, of course."

It was all easy after that, although only **the Dakota** (72nd Street and Central Park West) and **Tiffany** (Fifth Avenue and 57th Street) seemed to excite my companions. When we reached **Battery Park**, a race to the bathrooms kept most of us from seeing **Lady Liberty**. Only one tourist on our bus had his picture taken at the Battery. In it he was posing next to a tiny nontourist dressed up as a



(2,000,744), in which a few teeth are scattered among a pile of white pebbles? There's even a huge mass of plastic baked beans behind glass. (That's because Karen Stevenson of England took only half an hour to eat 2,780 baked beans, one by one, with "a cocktail stick.")

On the other hand, the museum does have plenty of clips from old Guinness TV specials ("Ever had a boyfriend, Sandy?" a chirpy host asks the world's tallest living woman. "Not really, no," she answers). It's hard to decide which is more satisfying to watch, a 15,000-domino structure toppling successfully or that show's hostess, Jamie Lee Curtis (I bet you'd forgotten that), getting bitten by a pygmy marmoset. The man with the "beard of bees" on his face is fascinating, too, mainly be-



## THEY WOULDN'T WANT TO LIVE HERE

THREE ADRENALINIZED CANADIAN TEEN-agers bound into the New York Convention & Visitors Bureau at Two Columbus Circle, wanting to know the exact address of the Fashion Institute of Technology. The smiling man behind the counter obliges them. "Thank you," chime the girls, adding as an afterthought, "It doesn't matter what train we take to get there, does it?"

Each day, seven days a week, 365 days a year, more than 2,000 tourists go to the center at Columbus Circle and its branch at Times Square for help in reckoning with the city.

"Do you have a restaurant that caters to dogs and cats?"

"Can I take a bus tour of New York City or New England in a day?"

"Where's the Swedish Church?"

"Where's the Fireman's Museum?"

"Where are the fortune-tellers?"

"Harlem," says information-center director Janet Barbash. "All the Germans want to see Harlem and sit in a gospel-singing church."

No matter where they're from, they have all heard about Bernhard Goetz, and even if they have no plans to borrow \$5 from a stranger, they absolutely do not want to take the subway.

The Columbus Circle center receives nearly 1,000 letters a day, many of them forwarded from the Chamber of Commerce and City Hall. "Dear Mayor Koch," begins a note from Cherokee, Kansas, "Would you please send me a list of nice hotels and their rates?"

The Times Square branch has become an occasional hangout for the neighborhood regulars. Marilyn, for example, who's in her fifties, stops by every now and then to tell stories to astonished tourists from Costa Mesa and Tokyo about how she used to have sex with her cat. Another guy occasionally slouches in, bangs his elbows on the counter and asks, "So. Where am I?"

"We just act like we have an answer for every question," says Zoila Terrero, who has spent 12 years on the job. One recent day a caller asked Barbash how to find the live mermaid.

"The live mermaid?" replied Barbash. "Do you mean a statue?"

No, insisted the caller, the city had a live mermaid, and why was Barbash pretending otherwise?

"Okay, okay," said Barbash. She gave the caller the number for the New York Aquarium.

—Jan Hoffman

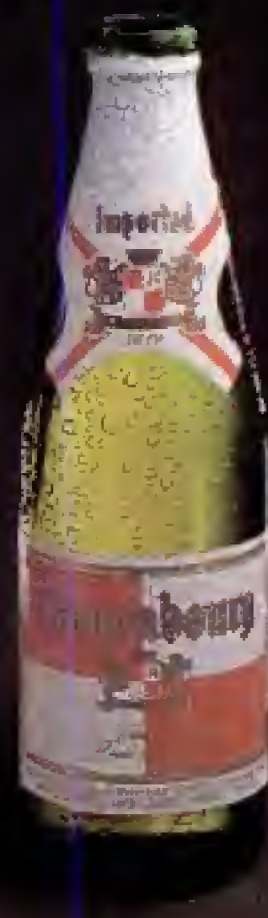
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vs.

Europe's #1  
bottle of beer



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# Kronenbourg

## Europe's Number One Bottle of Beer.



**IMPORTED**



king, who was dancing to the music of a one-man band.

Though our guide was nice about pointing out celebrities' apartments, she made a few mistakes on other topics. (**Barnard**, 117th Street and Broadway, will be surprised to hear that it did end up going coed after all.) When we drove through **the Bowery**, she told us mysteriously, "You know, if you give a bum in New York a quarter, you're really insulting him. A quarter means *nothing* in New York City."

She mentioned this twice, and when we got back to the hotel, I realized why. "It is customary to tip the driver as you leave," the guide told us. "I'm sure we all agree she did a great job."

**d 3 y** FINE DINING IS AN IMPORTANT PART OF the New York, uh, experience, but why don't any natives want to go with you? When I asked a friend if she could stand to accompany me to **Benihana** (56th Street between Park and Lexington Avenues), there was a little pause. "I guess so, maybe," she answered at last.



*You guess so? But it's the most popular restaurant in America—just read the sign on the door!* At last I forced her into going, and we sidled shamefacedly into the IHOP of Japanese restaurants.

As the pictures in the Benihana foyer tell it, the dozens of minor celebrities who came here during the late 1970s had a wonderful time. But if tourists expect laughing banter with their chefs nowadays, they won't get it. Although the Benihana chefs wear toques in party-hat colors, they're an extremely grim bunch; it must get dull flipping around Rocky's Choice (steak and chicken) day after day. The only time our chef unbent was when, to my huge joy, he accidentally flipped a piece of hot

zucchini onto a woman's neck.

A salver of whole, unripe tomatoes is yours just for sitting down in **Mamma Leone's** cavernous, 1,250-seat rec-room grotto. Perhaps the only New York restaurant more embarrassing to walk into than Benihana, Mamma Leone's (48th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue, but in the process of moving) is also the only restaurant my Short Line tour guide bothered to point out. I can see why.

The place looks like a Neapolitan tag sale. Everything the Italian restaurants on East 58th Street threw out is here: festoons of Christmas lights, strolling musicians, rollicking non-New Yorkers. If you're lucky, you'll be sitting where you can stare at the marble bottom of one of the many girlie statues lolling around. If you're even luckier, you'll get the only waiter wearing gloves, and he'll snarl "*Heb?*" at whatever you say.

No amount of luck will get you a good meal, though, unless you like huge tureens of red sauce, grublike shrimp and a house wine you haven't tasted since your first Communion. My delight in the trashy surroundings turned to sullenness when the food—one of 700,000 meals served annually—finally arrived. The four women at the next table loved their veal in quarts of red sauce, though. They even ate those pallid tomatoes, swallowing them with the thoughtful intentness usually seen on the faces of wine tasters. At the end of the meal their waiter poured their leftover sauce into a doggie bag, and they went off to spill it on someone at *Starlight Express*.

**d 4 y** BUT WHAT ABOUT FAMOUS PEOPLE? Don't they eat in all those New York restaurants? You've never had the guts to ask, but I did. "I've heard that lots of big writers come here," I murmured nervously to a waitress in **Pete's Tavern** (18th Street and Irving Place). "Do they? I mean, *do they?*?"

The place was crowded, and I'd tried to speak as softly as possible. Nevertheless, every head in the place swiveled around to stare at us.

"Well, we say we either get writers with a drinking problem or drinkers with a writing problem," the waitress told me kindly. "There was a playwright in here last week. I don't remember his name, but he's supposed to be very famous."

Chastened, I decided to stop eating in such fancy restaurants. But even in the coffee shop where I had my last meal, I betrayed myself as a yokel. "What's the vegetable of the day?" I asked the waiter. He looked at me in amazement. "I don't know," he said blankly. The wonder is that we tourists come to New York at all. There's absolutely *nothing* fun for us to do here. ■





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STREET ON WEEKENDS**

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STREET**

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WEEKENDS**

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ILLUSTRATION BY DOUG TAYLOR

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THE HARDEST PART WAS ADMITTING IT WAS SO DAMN popular. After that it was but a short, opportunistic step to justifying it as a full-length feature—as a cover. ✂ It—the “Separated at Birth?” photo featurette that has appeared in every issue of SPY for the past year—is, we’ve come to realize, our golden-egg-laying goose, and this month we aim not to strangle but to force-feed it, fatten it up and put it on display. After all, we know enough not to look a gift horse in the mouth. Likewise, we comprehend in toto precisely what our bread and butter is. When the 2-millionth reader approached a member of our staff at a party with the words “You work at SPY? I have a great ‘Separated at Birth?’ for you,” we understood all too well that the tide couldn’t be turned and public opinion couldn’t be—uh-oh!—*flown in the face of*. So we scrapped the substantive, socially significant cover story we had planned and instead filled lots of editorial space normally given over to fine, lapidary prose with photos of—get this—people who look like people other than themselves. It’s incredible, but they do. ✂ Historically, “Separated at Birth?” has worked best when the enforced twinning has resonated in ways beyond mere physical appearance. The element of surprise is dear to us. Caspar Weinberger and Jean Cocteau (December 1986) had probably never appeared in the same sentence together, yet there they were, pictured side by side in SPY—instant siblings. The same could be said of the Carson McCullers–Bob Geldof pairing (March 1987), which had the added twist of crossed sexes—as did William Casey–Eleanor Roosevelt (May 1987). Always open to experimentation, we’ve



# Separated at Birth?

even worked with primates (Clint Eastwood and a baboon, March 1987) and Disney characters (Laurence Tisch and a cartoon dwarf, Dopey, last month). ✂ That last sentence raises the question of intentions: any subliminal messages, you wonder, in our selections? Mostly it’s that we think they look alike. At least, that’s our story. ✂ And how was this “Separated at Birth?” extravaganza put together? We could tell you that technicians at the SPY Laboratories fiddled for months with developing fluid and infrared lights and calipers to produce the results before you, or that it was really you, the readers, without whom we are *nothing*, who made it all possible. But in fact the whole package is, incredibly, the result of an open call for look-alikes. Two remarkable candid photos from a wild, wacky “Separated at Birth?” gala evening are included here: jolly Carl Bernstein and Howdy Doody re-create their joint audition amid a crush of reporters, and pals D’Amato and Cuomo do the mirror scene from *Duck Soup*. ✂ So we are being *not the least bit* condescending when we say we have a feeling you’ll enjoy this “Separated at Birth?” feature. One last thing: *all rights reserved*, out there. Unless you look like no one else in the world, we own you. ➡



*The  
Unabridged  
Edition*





**Soon-to-be-post-presidential-candidate Bruce Babbitt**

&



**Washington Post chairman Katharine Graham?**



**Erstwhile Rolling Stone Mick Jagger**

&



**Don Knotts as the Incredible Mr. Limpet?**



**Gorgeous lolapalooza Tammy Faye Bakker**

&



**an Ewok?**



# SEPARATED AT BIRTH?



TV oddity Jim Bakker . . .



and TV oddity  
Herve Villechaize?



Pizza Hut spokesman  
Rich Hall . . .



and onetime hoofer  
Buddy Ebsen?



The Duchess of York . . .



and former *Brady Bunch*  
servant Ann B. Davis?



Nose flesh amputee  
Marlo Thomas . . .



and former black person  
Michael Jackson?



Mrs. Oliver North . . .



and her husband's friend  
General Richard Secord?



Iran-scam witness  
William B. O'Boyle . . .



and Canadian personality  
Dan Aykroyd?



In-need-of-a-comeback  
Paul McCartney . . .



and weirdly-enjoying-a-  
comeback Angela Lansbury?



Jowly has-been novelist  
Bret Easton Ellis . . .



and jowly has-been  
Richard M. Nixon?



# SEPARATED AT BIRTH?



**Prodigious writer  
John Updike . . .**



**and litigious writer  
Renata Adler?**



**SPY-loving comedian  
Jay Leno . . .**



**and Life of Riley star  
William Bendix?**



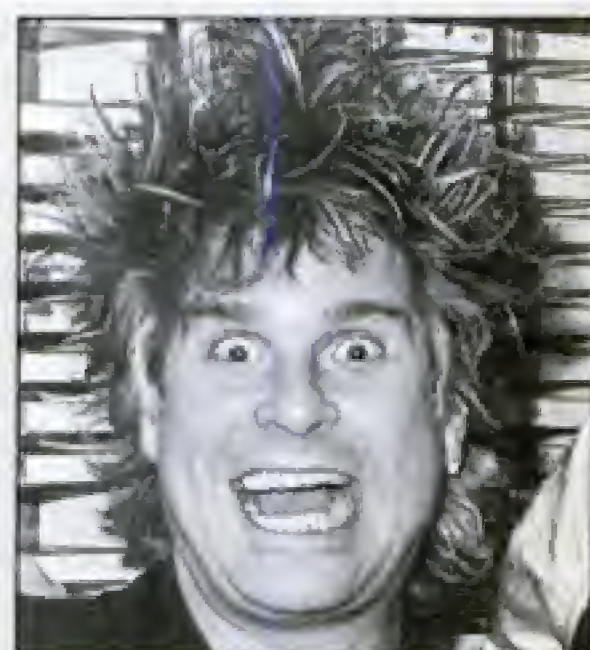
**Israeli violinist  
Itzhak Perlman . . .**



**and non-Israeli guitarist  
Roy Clark?**



**Dead comedienne  
Totie Fields . . .**



**and rock vulgarian  
Ozzy Osbourne?**



**Moment by Moment star  
Lily Tomlin . . .**



**and the young John Huston?**



**Golddigger—arts patroness  
Gayfryd Steinberg...**



**and Mormon entertainer  
Marie Osmond?**



**Former Minister of War  
Caspar Weinberger . . .**



**and party girl  
Kitty Carlisle Hart?**



**Actress JoBeth Williams . . .**



**and billionaire adulterer  
Sid Bass?**



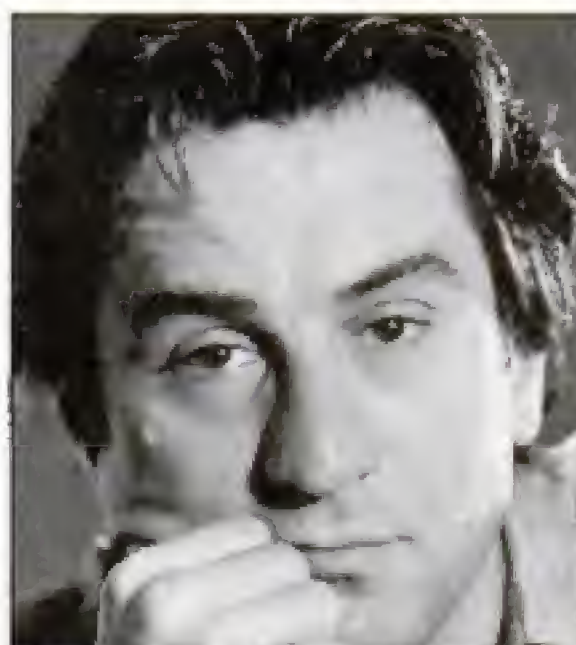
# SEPARATED AT BIRTH?



**Steely political footnote  
Geraldine Ferraro . . .**



**and once-important pop star  
David Bowie?**



**Tetchy actor of his genera-  
tion Robert De Niro . . .**



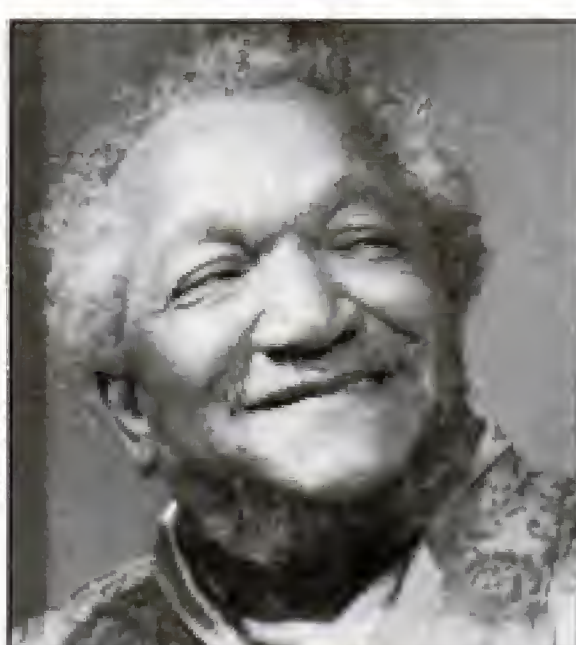
**and tetchy actor of his  
generation Laurence Olivier?**



**Yale University president  
Benno C. Schmidt Jr. . . .**



**and Ernie from  
My Three Sons?**



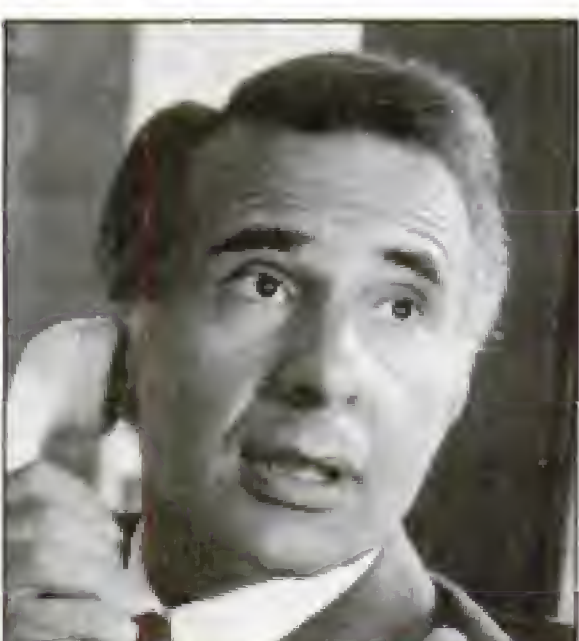
**Current trivia answer  
Redd Foxx . . .**



**and future trivia answer  
Robert Bork?**



**Former comedian  
Mel Brooks . . .**



**and arbitrageur Carl Icahn?**



**Walter (trusted by 1960s  
adults) Cronkite . . .**



**and Captain (trusted by 1960s  
kids) Kangaroo?**



**Tina Turner . . .**



**and Edward G. Robinson?**



**Mullah-Iranian-madman  
Sayyed Ali Khamenei . . .**



**and writer-director-  
impregnator Woody Allen?**



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**SEPARATED AT SOME INDETERMINATE POINT IN THE COURSE OF EVOLUTION?**



**Choreographer  
Martha Graham . . .**



**and Yerosha, the monkey  
cosmonaut?**



**Widow-comedienne  
Joan Rivers . . .**



**and . . . ?**



**Demimonde fixture  
Carmen d'Alessio . . .**



**and Dr. Zaius of  
Planet of the Apes?**



**Mets outfielder  
Darryl Strawberry . . .**



**and Dino?**

**TRIPLETS**

**SEPARATED**

**AT BIRTH?**



**Actor-writer Peter  
Ustinov . . .**



**and furniture designer  
Philippe Starck . . .**



**and crockery destroyer  
Julian Schnabel?**



**Julio Iglesias . . .**



**and Francesco Scavullo . . .**



**and the Phantom of the Opera?**





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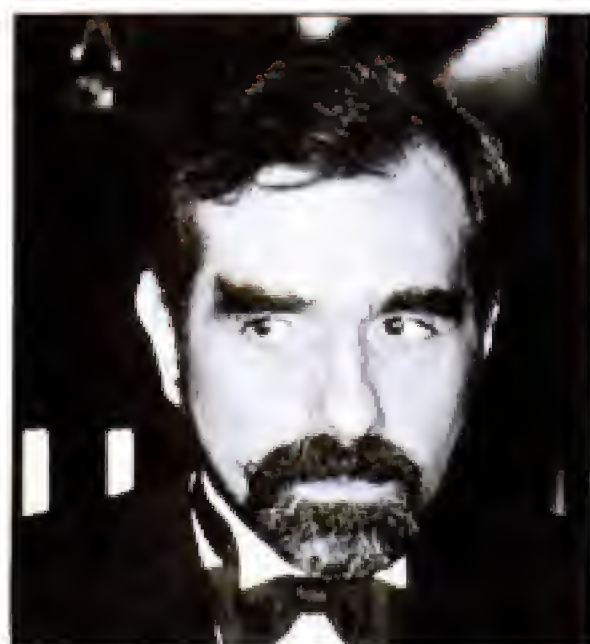
SEPARATE  
AT BIRTH



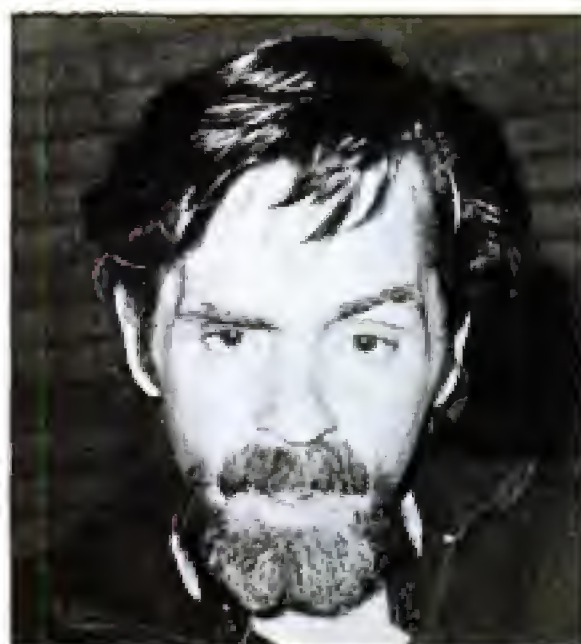
HOMICIDAL  
MANIAC  
EDITION

*stupid*

SEPARATED  
AT BIRTH?



Masterful film director  
Martin Scorsese . . .



and high-strung philosopher  
Charles Manson?



Emilio Estevez . . .



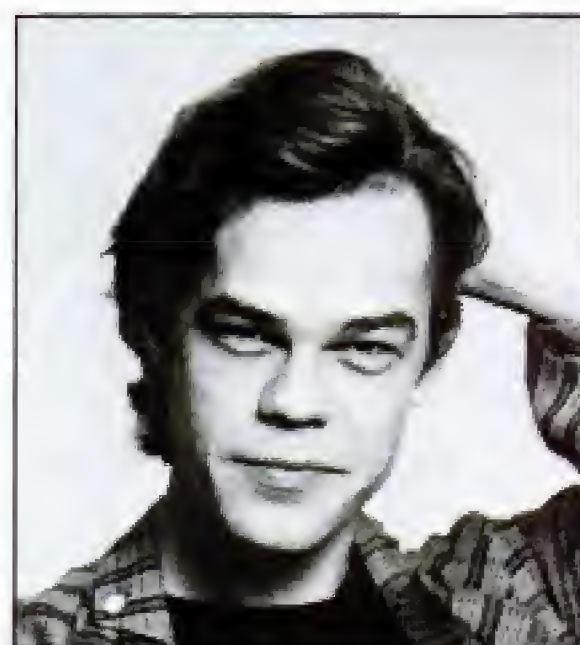
and Martin Sheen?



Kurt (Elvis) Russell . . .



and real killer Charles  
(Badlands) Starkweather?



David Johansen . . .



and Buster Poindexter?



Insufferable punk actor Judd Nelson . . .



Patty (The Patty Duke  
Show) . . .



and Cathy (The Patty Duke  
Show)?



and Martin Luther King Jr. assassin James Earl Ray?

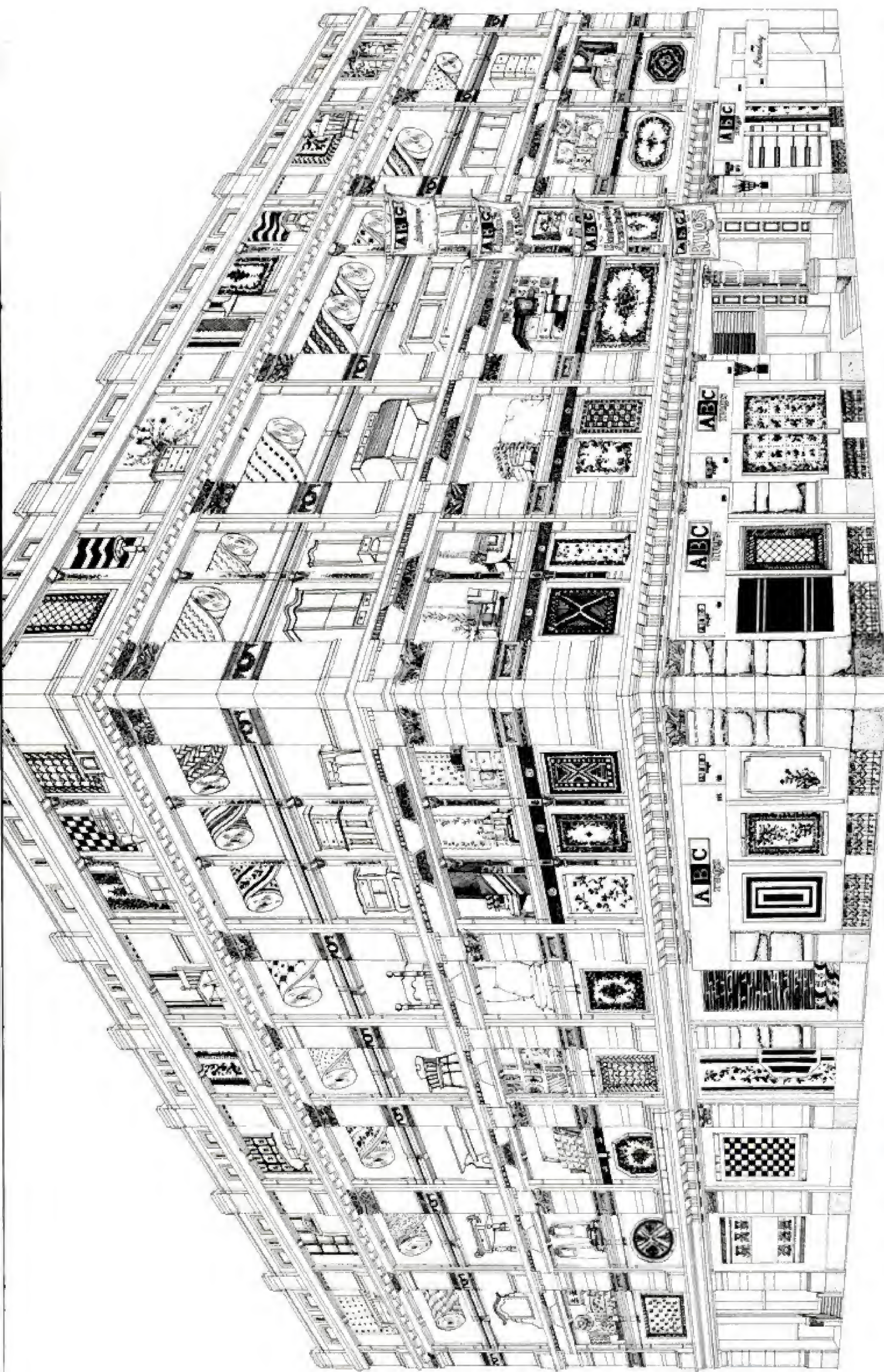


Winston Churchill . . .



and a baby? 3





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*It's compact. It's synthetic. It's very quiet.*

*It's hard but may be rubbery to the touch.*

*It's black or white or gray or silver.*

*It was designed by Germans or Italians,*



*or people who wish they were German*

*or Italian.*

*It's probably electronic, maybe digital.*

*It didn't exist when we were children.*

*Its quality is high - higher than we need.*

*It's not a necessity. It needs explaining.*



*It was*

*not cheap.*

*We felt a little silly and excited buying it.*

*We feel a little guilty and proud showing it off.*

# IT'S YUPPIE







*by Bruce Handy*

# PORN

*And we can't help ourselves.*



*If*

YOU TAKE AN ACT of fellatio out of context by photographing it, then publish the photo in a magazine with a title like *Swallow My Leader*

and sell it from the back rack of a dingy little newsstand, you invest the original act of fellatio with a lurid power it might not otherwise have had. Lacking any hint of the byplay of personalities, the picture becomes a mere symbol, a lightning rod for the cravings of its beholder.

That's pornography—the objectification of bodies.

Now imagine a teapot. It's been designed by a postmodern architect with a household name (well, in the *right* households).

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X-RAY SPEX, MAN  
FROM U.N.C.L.E.  
RADIOS AND  
PELLET GUNS**

Handcrafted from the finest metals, it retails for \$100 in hushed, spacious stores with industrial shelving and salesboys who style themselves after Edwardian fops. The teapot gleams. Its form reveals a charming playfulness, balanced by its underlying architectonic sobriety—*Hey, kind of like my personality*, you might wishfully think, gazing upon it. Or you might sigh and daydream . . . *TriBeCa, 5,000 square feet, a Fischl on the wall. . . .*

This teapot is no longer about boiling water. It's about being able to pay a lot of money for a teapot. It's a teapot that, once in your possession, reflects your obvious good taste. It's a teapot that seemingly shouts for all the world to hear, "Praise be to the god of *objets* that I am owned by someone with as developed a sense of style as YOUR NAME HERE."

Thrusting off the yoke of its original, dreary context as a utensil—sad cousin to tongs and strainers—the postmod teapot becomes instead a symbol, a lightning rod for the economic and class aspirations of its owner.

That's yuppie pornography—the objectification of objects.

## HOW TO KNOW IT WHEN YOU SEE IT

### *Twenty Questions to Ask About an Object*

Yuppie porn comes, of course, in a dizzying array of shapes, sizes and strains—hard-core and soft-core, nerd and Euro, high tech and objet, jock and preppy. But what if the expensive object under consideration is not yuppie porn at all? What if it's merely overpriced? Don't scoff: plutonium is expensive, but it isn't yuppie porn.

How to tell the difference? Ask yourself the following questions. If the answer to any three is "yes," you're looking at yuppie porn and you may proceed accordingly.

I

Will the simple fact of owning it make me feel morally superior, even though it's not a book or a record?

II

Does it do something that at one point in my life never occurred to me needed to be done?

III

Is it not sold in Montana and the Southern Hemisphere?

IV

Did it win an award from Italians?

V

Is it imported?

VI

Is it imported from a northern European country or from northern Italy?

VII

Does it convert yen into deutsche marks?

VIII

Would Steve Jobs own it?

IX

Would David Byrne own it?

X

Is it in MoMA's design collection?

XI

Does it involve halogen?

XII

Would I look sharp if I used it and a cordless phone at the same time?

XIII

Is there no chance that my parents would own it?

XIV

If ten years ago I had time-traveled ten years into the future and seen myself buying it now, would I have been embarrassed?

XV

Do I want it because—oh, I don't know, because I just want to go for it?

XVI

Although it's really expensive, would it be out of place at Graceland?

XVII

Will I soon be bored with it except when my friends come over and I pretend that I use it all the time and it's really fun?

XVIII

Will it disconcert my cats?

XIX

Is it both advertised and mocked in SPY?

XX

Is it a climate-controlling air filter-humidifier?

—B.H.





# Abbeville Celebrates The Real McCay



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Winsor McCay (1867-1934) was America's earliest, greatest, and most influential master of the comic strip and the animated cartoon. His Little Nemo in Slumberland is the most beautiful comic strip ever drawn. Winsor McCay created a cartoon art form. Celebrate his genius with us! 294 fabulous illustrations, 40 in glorious full color, 224 pages, 11 x 13"

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—Art Spiegelman  
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the most delightful  
magazine in the world.



GOD KNOWS  
WE'VE ALL  
FELT THOSE  
EXQUISITE LITTLE  
PANGS WHEN  
CONFRONTED  
WITH A  
COMPACT-DISC  
PLAYER

For the first time, conspicuous consumption is not vulgar.

Our lust for cool gadgetry has its roots in childhoods in the 1950s and '60s. And it is no coincidence that the magic high tech we yearned for back then—X-Ray Spex, James Bond's tricky devices, Napoleon Solo's *Man From U.N.C.L.E.* radios and pellet guns, the Minox miniature camera your friend's older brother had—all had sexual associations. For where was early yuppie porn show-

cased and lovingly described? In *Playboy*, of course, alongside references to Hef's motorized circular bed and giant hi-fi sets.

Back then, adolescents of all ages swore up and down that they bought *Playboy* "for the *articles*—really." Today we buy yuppie porn not because of its low-down thrill, *no*, but because "it's so well designed and so well made." Sure.

On urban boulevards, and now even in suburban malls, the yuppie-porn stores prosper, their showrooms full of overwrought luxuries, uptight leisure wares, appliances with variously inane and arcane applications. You've seen these stores: The Sharper Image, Hammacher Schlemmer, D. E. Sanders & Company, Dot Zero, S.E.E. Ltd. Maybe you've passed by and—just for one weak-kneed moment—thought about going in. Maybe you're an occasional customer. Maybe you get . . . *their catalogs*. No one is immune. Even tweedy Judge Bork look-alikes who sneer

at the nouveau riche—ness of much yuppie porn get all gooey when strolling through the Museum of Modern Art's design collection—it gets you excited *and it's good for you too*. And God knows we've all felt those exquisite little pangs, that telltale, vaguely eroticized covetousness, when confronted with a compact-disc player.

*Yeah, what's wrong with having nice things?* challenges a chorus of bobbed, be-bowed, business-suited young women named Jennifer. At its most innocuous, yuppie pornography involves a keen, heightened level of appreciation, consumerism raised to a kind of art form (just as baseball is kind of like alfresco dance, and tractor pulls are kind of like agrarian opera). It's the idea that good design can be an expression of *you!*—a nearly King Jamesian creed in the hands of such essential yuppie-porn texts as *Metropolitan Home* and *House & Garden*. See my Krups espresso maker? I bought it! It's mine! Look at its Euro-

## WHEN IS A STORE NOT A STORE?

YUPPIE-PORNOGRAPHY EMPORIUMS—are they stores, or are they something much more insidious? Just as the Puritans bound alleged



witches and plunged them into icy New England ponds to see whether or not

they would drown, so did we seek the truth by using a simple test—how yuppie-porn mongers answered the following question: *What kind of a store are you?* Straight answers were not forthcoming. Judge the results for yourself.



South Street Seaport

"We sell gadgets, all different **unique** items."

## Brookstone Company

South Street Seaport and Herald Center

"We sell **unique** items."



431 West Broadway

"A lot of fun products, **high-tech** items—it's very **unusual**. You have to see it to believe it."

## SOINTU

20 East 69th Street

"We're a **design** store. **Decorative** accessories."

## Hammacher Schlemmer

147 East 57th Street

"**Certain** gifts and appliances and electronics."

## Museum Store The Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53rd Street

"We sell **design** things, **modern** stuff. Cork-screws that have a **modern design**."

## THE SHARPER IMAGE

South Street Seaport

"We're a new **high-tech** product-type store. And also some **unusual** items."

## D.E. SANDERS & CO.

386 West Broadway and 952 Madison Avenue

"Home furnishing, industrial **design**."

## STAR MAGIC

743 Broadway and 275 Amsterdam Avenue

"**Space-age** gift store. Crystals, books, **unique** stuff."

## CONTROL GROUP

## JIMMY'S HARDWARE

926 Columbus Avenue

"We're a hardware store. We sell hardware."

## macys

Herald Square

"What? We're a department store. Why do you ask?"

—B.H.



styling, we and the Jennifers implore, thinking we're baring our souls when we're simply making a scene, no different, really, from a hammy movie star returning to Off-Broadway for some Shakespeare. Self-flattering, perhaps, but harmless.

Design, like *erotica*, can be a euphemism. At its worst, yuppie pornography is as exploitative and programmatic as the

**YOUR TYPICAL  
PROFESSIONAL  
MALE DOESN'T  
BUY A PERSONAL  
PAPER SHREDDER  
BECAUSE  
LAWRENCE WALSH  
HAS JUST  
SUBPOENAED HIS  
SHOPPING LIST.  
HE BUYS IT  
BECAUSE IT  
TURNS HIM ON**

real thing. It knows what tempts you. Like skin magazines, with their garter belts and stockings, yuppie porn features its own fetishistic trappings. Molded white plastic. Sleek, black matte finishes. Rubbery gray Flextel coatings. Chrome. Anodized aluminum. Digital readouts, and still more digital readouts—indeed, controls of cockpit complexity. Power surfaces, they fuel power fantasies.

Perhaps yuppie porn is an inevitable result of the rise of the affluent, self-indulgent generation that gives it its name. After all, smut nearly entered the cultural mainstream during the early-1970s heyday of the sexual revolution

(ask anybody between the ages of 35 and 50 with highbrow pretensions whether they ever waited in line to see *Deep Throat* or *Behind the Green Door* or *Emmanuelle*; they did). And just as the first well-crafted aboveground smut was Scandinavian (*I Am Curious (Yellow)*), so were the prototypical yuppie-porn objects (Braun, BMW) imported from northern Europe. Today, as sex becomes a strictly procreative endeavor, with ancillary applications as an advertising tool, Americans are turning their appetites toward money and power—the very appetites the yuppie-pornographers prey on. Your typical professional male making 85 grand a year who buys himself a personal paper shredder (Hammacher Schlemmer, \$229.50)

## SOFT-CORE

Panasonic Easa-Phone

Hewlett Packard  
calculator

Toshiba  
high-resolution TV

Garland range

Akai CD player

Donvier  
ice cream maker



## HARD-CORE

Silver Reed Snippet  
paper shredder

Panasonic Pocket Watch,  
miniature TV  
and radio

Mitsubishi 700  
portable cellular phone



Sony DiscJockey  
CD carousel

Bally

computer  
graphics-equipped  
Liferower



GRiD  
Systems

laptop computer

Orbit Pulsair  
Phase 3  
ionizer



## EXTREME HARD-CORE

SciSys Turbo chess computer

Plus U.S.A. Voice Memo  
palm-size audio "memo pad"

SelecTronics DataStar 8000C  
credit-card-size  
computerized address book



## THE YUPPIE

## PORNOGRAPHY

## HALL OF FAME

*A Connoisseur's Guide*

Back in the 1960s and early '70s, tech-

nology and demographics and design

converged to put the first, primitive

precursors of yuppie porn into homes in

Cambridge and Manhattan, Evanston

and Westwood: Color TV. Remote-con-

trol color TV. The stereo component

NERD



system replacing mere hi-fi. Touch-tone phones. Luxo lamps, then track lighting and dimmer switches. Digital watches. Pocket calculators. Bucket seats, tachometers on the dashboard.

The stuff was still American, the colors a bit off. Everything was still large and sheet-metal clunky. But it was heading straight for the eighties.

Nowadays, with second- and third-generation yuppie porn, and yuppie porn stores in every city, we need finer distinctions. There is hard-core yuppie

porn (excess technology, a sense of power, everything to extremes) and soft-core yuppie porn (more allusive, playful). There are the devices that feed

on a native American nerdishness and those that appeal to Euro-cool pretensions. There are, in short, items of yuppie porn for every conceivable taste.

## EURO-STYLE



Bionaire ultrasonic humidifier  
Zenith camcorder  
Huri-Huri weeding knife



Saab 900 Turbo  
MontBlanc pen  
Braun juicer



Krups coffee maker  
Braun coffee grinder  
Alvar Aalto vase  
Graves teapot



danMark telephones  
Braun calculator



Braun shaver  
See-through Switch



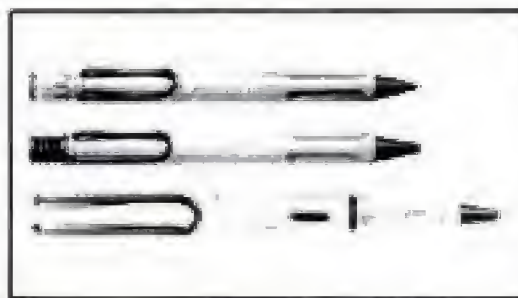
Wüsthof Dreizack knives  
Barbour raincoat  
Pirelli flooring



Copy-Jack 96 pocket copier  
Quotrek portable stock-quotation device  
Sharp Travel Partner world time clock, alarm, calendar, currency converter and calculator



Lamy pens  
Tizio lamp  
[ixi:z] rubberized accessories



Artemide halogen hanging lamp

Halliburton aluminum briefcase

Stainless-steel Sub-Zero refrigerator



Epson Elite 100 Plus portable electronic typewriter  
Range Rover  
Alpine car stereo



Calphalon cookware  
Bang & Olufsen turntable



ADS receiver  
Hafler amplifier



doesn't buy it because Lawrence Walsh has just subpoenaed his shopping list. He doesn't buy a car espresso maker (Dapy, \$65) because he wants to sip cappuccino as he zips along the Cross Bronx Expressway. He doesn't buy a Swiss army knife-style pocket office tool (The Sharper Image, \$32) because he never knows when or where he's going to have to punch holes in an important document or staple two of them together (that's what the minimum wage is for). He buys these things because *they turn him on*. He may be an aesthetic

**IT IS NO** retard, but to him, personal paper shredders are "sexy." *Sexy*: **COINCIDENCE THAT** it is no coincidence that in the 1980s the word is more often and easily used to describe *things*, and always things that have nothing to do with sex. **THE WORD SEXY** **IS MOSTLY USED** **TO DESCRIBE** There's hard-core yuppie porn and there's soft-core (see box, pages 66-67). **THINGS, AND** High-tech design-dripping gizmos so state-of-the-art, so overspecialized, as to go beyond utility into the realm of pure exhilarating **ALWAYS THINGS** **THINGNESS**—that's the hardest-core stuff: **THAT HAVE** rotating-tuft toothbrushes, phone wiretap detectors, "the ultimate precision yo-yo" (The Sharper Image, \$39) made from "two ounces of aircraft aluminum, machined to exact tolerances."

Soft-core yuppie porn is more suggestive, more dependent on vicarious associations with the life-styles of the moneyed and despotic: the very briefcase "favored by Andrew Carnegie," bowls and silverware that a sleek family of Italian Fascists might have used.

Ask the employees of yuppie-pornography mills what kind of store they work for (a housewares store? an electronics store? a gift store?) and invariably they pause, uncomprehending, then blurt out buzzwords, most often *unusual* and *unique* (see box, page 65). It's like listening to a Reagan press conference. Which is not to imply that yuppie-pornographers are doddering cheeseheads—it's just that

## YUPPIE PORNOGRAPHY VS. THE REAL THING: A FIELD TEST

### *Why The Sharper Image Is Better Than Show World*

THE SHARPER IMAGE (SOUTH STREET SEAPORT)	SHOW WORLD (42ND STREET AND EIGHTH AVENUE)
▶ Up-to-the-minute, high-tech interior; odorless	★ Mirror balls; cloying smell of ammonia mixed with air freshener
▶ Employees wear sharp-looking business suits (blue blazers and red ties on weekends)	★ Employees wear motley, ill-considered underwear ensembles
▶ Sample products are hands-on	★ Naked women are behind Plexiglas
▶ Free, continuous videotapes show attractive, cheerful models demonstrating safe products	★ A 25-cent token gets you 60 seconds' worth of videotapes showing unattractive, cheerless models demonstrating unsafe sex
▶ Sales staff helpful to visiting writers: "Hi. My name is Steve. Can I help you with anything?"	★ Sales staff unhelpful to visiting writers: "Yo! The magazines aren't for reading."

### *Why Show World Is Better Than The Sharper Image*

THE SHARPER IMAGE	SHOW WORLD
▶ No private booths	★ Private booths

—B.H.





DANNY GONZALEZ

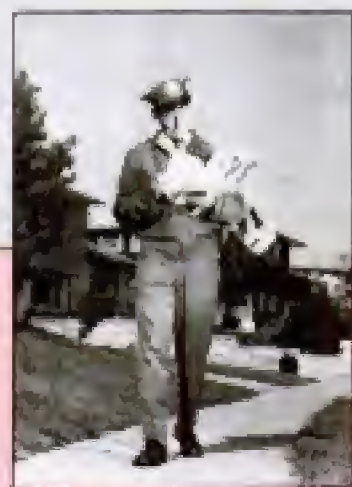
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212 677 9350

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OUTFITTERS



Smart?  
Fun?  
Funny?  
Fearless?

IN SPY,  
THE BEST IS YET  
TO COME.



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**CANADIANS IN OUR MIDST:  
THREAT OR MENACE?**  
**BRATS IN LOVE:**  
**THE RON AND CLAUDIA STORY**  
**A GUIDE TO POSTMODERN  
EVERYTHING**  
**WHAT THE LADIES WEAR AT THE  
NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB**  
**MAHABHARATAMANIA**  
**HOW TO STAY FAMOUS**  
**AFTER THE FACT**  
**A BRIEF HISTORY OF  
WHITE RAP MUSIC**  
**EMBARRASSING WEALTH**  
*Plus:*  
**THE NICE ISSUE**

"What kind of store are you?" doesn't quite make sense to them because, unlike stores in the sense that our parents or *The World Book Encyclopedia* understands them, yuppie-porn emporiums are defined not by functional specialty but by fantasy. "People are surprised," a D. F. Sanders & Company clerk told me, "when the stuff

**"WE'RE SELLING**

**TEMPTATION,"**

**SAYS ONE**

**MERCHANDISER.**

**"THE MORE YOU**

**HAVE, THE MORE**

**YOU'RE TEMPTED**

**TO WANT"**

the best. But they're only as different as *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and *Hot Blonde Teasers*, offering variations on the same theme.

The most semiotically aware yuppie-pornographer is the San Francisco-based The Sharper Image, whose very name hints at a sophisticated self-consciousness. The total Sharper Image environment is even more cleverly conceived: it pretends it's a television newsroom. The identically suited or blazered sales staff operates from a raised cash-register station that faithfully re-creates the desk-as-command-module aesthetic of local TV news teams. The gray walls, smoothly lit, sport the giant corduroy grooves and crimson highlights so redolent of modern TV journalism. Decorously arranged about the "set," the products themselves come on like a bevy of Michele Marshes and Chuck Scarboroughs—eye candy with authority.

The founder and president of The Sharper Image, 38-year-old Richard Thalheimer, whose aggressively smiling face graces every catalog, has set himself up as the Hefner of his empire. "He sees himself as the model consumer," explains a spokeswoman. And indeed, Thalheimer is as much a living prophet of the *In Search of Excellence* life-style as Hef is of the more old-fashionedly sybaritic. His Marin

County mansion is reported to be a veritable yuppie-porn shrine, crammed with shiny exercise equipment and very serious-looking telephones.

The latest development is the advent of the "Toys for Adults Show," a traveling retail bazaar founded in 1983 that now includes ten cities on its tour (it stopped in at the Javits Center last month). "Toys for Adults" aims to be a colossus, the ultimate, the Times Square of yuppie porn, and it features not only the usual catalog gewgaws but such big-ticket whoppers as \$45,000 luxury mobile homes and \$60,000 Lamborghinis. At its Hartford, Connecticut, show bankers were on hand to make loans to the smitten yet strapped, as were financial consultants, who told you how to restructure your holdings so as to make payments on a \$20,000 mink jumpsuit. "We're selling *temptation*," coos a "Toys for Adults" spokeswoman with a Tolstoyan understanding of human nature. "The more you have, the more you're tempted to want."

Like The Sharper Image's Thalheimer, Gary Kirschner, the founder of "Toys," is a man who mirrors the yearnings of his constituents. "I like looking at Ferraris," he says. "I think most people like looking at Ferraris." Granted. But where does he draw the line? Is there ever a consumer good he finds . . . *excessive*?

"Naturally, we try to be very selective," he responds. "To me, a fur coat that turns into a flight jacket is ridiculous. Besides, my wife isn't into furs—you know, the animal thing," he adds in a whisper. "But there are people out there to whom that will appeal. As long as an item's not ridiculous to the point of being stupid . . ."

But philosophic quibbles aside, Kirschner has a point. Yuppie pornography, like color pictures of genitalia, exists because people want it. Kirschner, Thalheimer and their ilk aren't corrupting anybody; the fact is, the yuppie-porn aesthetic, like illiteracy and Haagen-Dazs, runs rampant throughout America. Anywhere upscale surface flash is an end in itself, there's yuppie porn: *American Gigolo* and *Power* and *RoboCop* are yuppie-porn movies; *New York Woman* and *L.A. Style* are yuppie-porn magazines; *Vintage Contemporaries* are yuppie-porn books; Gary Hart and Joe Biden were yuppie-porn candidates; surrogate motherhood and lipo-suction are yuppie-porn biology; *this* is yuppie-porn thought. 3





CHERYL KORALIK





## A SIGN OUTSIDE

the hotel bar said CLOSED FOR RENOVATION.

Plausible enough. Especially given the care with which the hotel next door had been dandied up in cool sprays of gray and black, with

*Everybody's doing it. From tacky discos to swank prep schools to your favorite little restaurant, Chapter 11 is sweeping New York. PETER WILKINSON audited the city's least likely bankrupt businesses.*

custom-made steel washbasins in each of the Andrée Putman bathrooms and handsome young staff members strolling around the lobby in boxy Italian woolens from Barneys. Since 1984 Morgans

trims fat and tries to scramble back onto its feet.

This unfortunate situation derives in part from one simple fact: Morgans called itself a bar, but, to the disappointment of thirsty, jet-lagged guests, it did not have a liquor license. It also had more employees than it could pay, and it owed \$101,096 in taxes and \$40,000 in back rent. Another \$2,246.52 was due to a dairy in Queens, and \$4,530.20 to a concern known as the Captain Post Horse Radish and Pickle Company of West 52nd Street.

Back in the days when everybody had a friend whose father ran a hardware store, getting the word *bankrupt* attached to you or your business was worse than renting a place next to the

tion, going-out-of-business bankruptcy. A company in Chapter 11, however, is not technically bankrupt. Rather, it is retrenching, reorganizing, getting its affairs in order in preparation for new, improved, profitable operations. Taking advantage of the Sheltered Second Chance.

Congress created the current Chapter 11 rules in 1978 with the intention of giving smaller businesses going through tough times a better shot at survival. Typically, the founding company submits a debtor's petition to a bankruptcy judge, explaining how the financial troubles began and "praying for relief." Relief means protection from creditors and their lawsuits. Old debts are frozen, and the compa-

and A. H. Robins (the Dalkon Shield): these companies still report multimillion-dollar profits despite the fact that they've filed Chapter 11.

If bankruptcy today isn't as traumatic or unthinkable as it used to be, it also isn't as lonely. It's sweeping all the fashionable neighborhoods. A few well-known places in SoHo, some famous ones uptown. It has even infiltrated some East Sixties establishments, sneaking through the door, sidling right up to the maitre d' and the bartender, grabbing the swordfish out of the refrigerator and the dusty bottles of Armagnac right off the shelf.

The biggest, most complex cases can take years to resolve. Hundreds of thousands in le-

# doing business *broke*

Hotel has brought SoHo sleek to lower Madison Avenue. It's easy to imagine that ex-con Steve Rubell and the hotel's other owners would close the adjacent Morgans Bar for some similar—and similarly expensive—sprucing up.

But the word *renovation* has many meanings. In the case of Morgans Bar, the meaning of the word got stretched beyond recognition. The bar is closed because it is in bankruptcy, operating under the designer umbrella of Chapter 11. Creditors must keep a polite distance while the place

Penn Central switching yard. But while a bad address might have been forgiven, going broke—filing for *bankruptcy*!—meant being branded a deadbeat forever. Stigmatized for officially admitting that the landlord and the electric company were out of luck.

Today businesses like Morgans needn't worry. If the 1980s have taught us anything, it's that big Preferred VISA balances are enviable rather than shameful, and, ignoble as it might seem, Chapter 11 is no tragedy. Chapter 7 is the real thing: liquida-

ny can even borrow money. Then, within 120 days, the business submits a reorganization plan. If the plan seems sound to the judge and the creditors, the company can continue to do business.

Nowadays, clever bankruptcy lawyers are filing Chapter 11 petitions for even relatively solvent companies—to force negotiation of tough union contracts, for example, or to avoid losing billions in potential damage lawsuits. Witness Texaco (in its fight with Pennzoil), Manville Corporation (asbestos death claims)

gal fees are earned along the reorganization trail. The irony is obvious: handling bankruptcies is a highly profitable business.

It is quiet and catlike, this trend, not the loud circus that custody battles and estate contests have become. Publicly, Chapter 11s live for a day as a Business brief in the *Times*—if at all. Many pass completely unnoticed. Few patrons ever suspect that their favorite store or restaurant is doing business broke. These establishments carry on as discreetly as they can in Chapter 11's reassuring arms.





EVEN IN ITS previous incarnation as Visage, this schizophrenic night spot flopped. Fascination with Visage's resident mermaids swimming in *real* water and waitresses skating on *real* ice wore off quickly—proof, perhaps, that Wall Street brokers and high school students from Fort Lee are becoming more sophisticated. But 4D's ill-conceived attempt to bring downtown performance art uptown hasn't fared any better.

4D went Chapter 11 owing \$6.45 million and with less than \$200,000 in its coffers. The Captain Post Horse Radish and Pickle

Company of West 52nd Street was owed \$2,004.64. But 4D's proprietor, Frank Lynch, is glad to report that business is on the upswing. "Friday night we had Debbie Gibson." Debbie Gibson? "She's number seven in the pop charts right now." Right. *That* Debbie Gibson.

Lynch, presumably in an effort to keep his creative juices flowing, received fees for "management services" totaling \$880,000 in 1985. In 1986 that amount was reduced to \$80,000, "although," the bankruptcy petition says, "by formula, he was entitled to receive approximately \$200,000." Some 15 personal-injury lawsuits are pending against the company.

Liquor inventory at the time of the Chapter 11 was valued at \$128,884. This included 61 bottles of Harvey's Bristol Cream, 22 bottles of Galliano, 8 bottles of Metaxa and 33 bottles of Ten High.

Lynch blames 4D's financial problems on the renovation cost overruns and on business lost during the long months it took to transform Visage into 4D. "Most of the debt is for remodeling, redesigning and construction costs, and the repayment of loans used for the redesigning of the club." Lynch's own \$3.226 million loan to the company, fortunately, is a secured loan—meaning Lynch will probably get his money back before the rest of the creditors. ➡

## CLUB 4D

605 West 55th Street

**Filed Chapter 11**

**in January 1987**

**EXCUSE(S):** *Costs of construction to transform the tacky discotheque Visage into the tacky discotheque 4D were estimated at \$1.5 million but ended up being \$3.5 million*

**BONUS SEASONAL EXCUSE:** *"In my experience, the nightclub business in the city of New York is highly seasonal. . . . The slowest time for both general admissions and private functions are the summer months of June, July, August and September."*

—Frank Lynch, president

**PROPOSED SOLUTION:**

*Glamorous promotional parties for "Hot 103" and other influential radio stations*

**NUMBER OF LAWSUITS PENDING:** 17

**CHAPTER 11 PHILOSOPHY:** *"You want to bury me? We are probably the busiest nightclub in Manhattan right now. We are, yeah."*



## CAFFE ROMA

3 West 18th Street

**Filed Chapter 11  
in August 1987**

**EXCUSE(S):** "Construction delays  
and budget overruns"

**PROPOSED SOLUTION:** "We have  
a new menu coming out next  
week, which is geared obviously  
to much more earthy things—  
things like bollito misto or  
things with porcini  
mushrooms."

—Reto Cantone, owner

**NUMBER OF LAWSUITS PENDING:** 2

**CHAPTER 11 PHILOSOPHY:** "It  
gives you a breather. . . . You  
take your positive and your  
negative, and you restructure it."

YOU BARELY BLINKED  
an eye, and there was Caffè  
Roma in bankruptcy, after just  
17 months on the Gael Greene  
map. "I found that we were too  
trendy, too fashionable, and we

burned out very fast," says  
Reto Cantone, Caffè Roma's  
owner. Construction costs had  
soared past \$1 million, and  
rent was \$10,000 a month.

According to the petition,  
"The debtor's controller did  
not advise management that  
taxes and suppliers were not  
being paid," so the IRS at-  
tached the restaurant's bank ac-  
count. In his petition, Cantone  
asked the bankruptcy court to  
unfreeze some of Caffè Roma's  
money so that he could pay his  
staff. "In the event that the sal-  
aries are not paid, the debtor  
has good reason to believe that  
many of the employees will im-  
mediately leave the debtor's  
premises and not return to  
work," he sagely pointed out.  
"Many of the employees rely on  
paychecks in order to meet their  
daily living expenses and to sup-  
port themselves and their  
families."

## STETSON HATS

**Filed Chapter 11 in June 1986**

**EXCUSE(S):** Antiquated and  
inefficient manufacturing  
techniques

**PROPOSED SOLUTIONS:** Close a  
plant; reduce number of styles  
produced; get concessions from  
the union

**NUMBER OF LAWSUITS PENDING:** 0

**CHAPTER 11 PHILOSOPHY:**  
"We felt it would be better to  
give ourselves more breathing  
room." —Frances Gardner,  
president

STETSON'S SALES GOT A  
big boost from the movies *Ur-  
ban Cowboy* (1980) and *Raiders  
of the Lost Ark* (1981), but the  
120-year-old company, famous  
for making headgear for John  
Wayne and Lyndon Johnson  
and for licensing its name for  
low-grade aftershave, had be-  
come an amazing tangle of in-  
efficiencies. At the time of  
filing, Stetson was turning  
beaver, hare and rabbit skins  
into fur felt in Newark, ship-

ping the felt to Danbury, Con-  
necticut, for molding into hat  
bodies, and then shipping the  
hat bodies off to St. Joseph,  
Missouri, for finishing. After  
more than a year in the courts  
and tens of thousands spent on  
legal fees, Stetson decided "it  
would be more efficient and  
cost effective if. . . manufac-  
turing processes could be fully  
integrated and housed under  
one roof."

Stetson renegotiated its con-  
tract with the Amalgamated  
Clothing and Textile Workers'  
Union—saving the company  
more than \$500,000 in 1987  
and more than \$1 million in  
1988. It also convinced all its  
employees to take their vaca-  
tions at the same time.

Officers are optimistic about  
what they see as a hat-happy fu-  
ture: "We're finding that once  
young people start wearing  
hats, they buy more than one,"  
says Mrs. Gardner. "They'll  
want a straw one, a felt one, a  
fur one, one to go with differ-  
ent outfits."

## FUGAZY EXPRESS

limousine service

**Filed Chapter 11 in July 1986**

**EXCUSE(S):** Thorny, costly  
lawsuits; "the diversion of  
management talent and effort  
from the day-to-day operations  
of the company resulted in severe  
operating losses"

**PROPOSED SOLUTION:** Generic  
we'll-do-better: "Sufficient  
efficiencies in operations. . . will  
result in substantial economies"

**CHAPTER 11 PHILOSOPHY:**

Chairman wants to deal  
with the bankruptcy judge  
personally

BILL FUGAZY GOT A LIT-  
tle arrogant on this one. When  
filing a Chapter 11, one usually  
hires a lawyer to talk to the  
judge on the company's behalf.  
Fugazy ignored this custom  
and wrote a series of friendly  
letters to Chief Bankruptcy  
Judge Burton Lifland, accus-  
ing the lawyer for one of Fu-  
gazy's creditors of conspiracy.  
Fugazy was so taken with one  
of his own missives that he sent  
copies to his good friends Lee  
Iacocca and Donald Trump.  
Judge Lifland was not im-  
pressed. His clerk wrote back  
to Fugazy, telling him that his  
conduct was "inappropriate."

## CURTAIN UP!

402 West 43rd Street

**Filed Chapter 11 in April 1987**

**EXCUSE(S):** Installation of exhaust  
fans closed the restaurant  
for a month; repair work  
obscured the CURTAIN UP! sign

**BONUS SEASONAL EXCUSE:**

"Business increases dramatically  
during the spring-summer season."

**PROPOSED SOLUTION:** Reopening  
the outdoor café

**NUMBER OF LAWSUITS PENDING:** 3

THIS CHEESY BUT POPU-

lar pretheater eatery has been  
catering primarily to cash-  
short actors since 1978. As all  
good restaurants should, Cur-  
tain Up! did its best to mirror  
the clientele: the restaurant  
made no rent payments be-  
tween September 1986 and  
May 1987. Captain Post re-  
ceived about \$7,000 from the  
restaurant during the past year  
but is not a creditor now. Cur-  
tain Up!'s future hinges on its  
bonus excuse (see above) and  
the fact that "the restaurant is lo-  
cated along the tourist route."





## SASSON JEANS

**Filed Chapter 11**

**in October 1986**

**EXCUSE(S):** *To save the president's \$5.5 million townhouse*

**PROPOSED SOLUTION:** *A court-appointed trustee to cut costs*

**NUMBER OF PENDING LAWSUITS:**

*Too many to count*

**CHAPTER 11 PHILOSOPHY:**

*"You can't arrest me."*

*—Paul Guez, president*

JUST ANOTHER CHAPTER in the zany and ugly recent history of a company that once reported annual sales of \$250-million. Like some other jeans firms, Sasson hit the skids when the denim craze waned in 1982. For chairman and Tunisian intimidator Paul Guez—once arrested for bugging his wife's phone, once arrested for assaulting a Manhattan artist (both charges were dropped), once allegedly targeted for assassination by a mysterious associate—the Sasson Chapter 11 was just one more thing to do at the courthouse.

When a bankruptcy judge installed a trustee to replace Guez as president of Sasson, Guez—predictably—got nasty. One day last August he appeared for a court hearing unshaven and suffering from a broken clavicle and proceeded to act as his own lawyer. (Several attorneys had already been dismissed by Guez or had quit out of frustration or because they hadn't got paid.) The trustee took the stand and described a recent meeting with the ousted chairman.

TRUSTEE: *Mr. Guez indicated to me...{there were} some very tough people behind him, financially behind him, and that he could not control them... And not only could he not control them, if he couldn't, I certainly could not either, and I had better watch out. He then said to me, "You live at*

*20 West 64th Street. Be careful...."*

LAWYER: Did Mr. Guez discuss with you his experience in Israel?

TRUSTEE: *He indicated to me he was an arms expert.... He was capable of blowing up a house with demolitions so that no trace of the house or anything that caused that explosion could ever be found.... At one particular point he... said, "I know what a trustee gets.... You get peanuts.... There is so many millions of dollars here. I could... make a phone call," he said, "and somebody could be here with a satchel of money, hundreds, thousands, name it." He said, "We can make millions here if you know what you are doing."*

A paralegal then took the stand. He talked about a visit to Sasson's Seventh Avenue offices to obtain business records.

LAWYER: How was Mr. Guez dressed?

PARALEGAL: *Only in his trousers.*

LAWYER: Pants buckled up and zipped?

PARALEGAL: *No, they weren't.*

Guez had cursed at the man and refused to hand over any files. A few days later the paralegal and three armed U.S. marshals went to Guez's townhouse, on East 66th Street. While his escorts looked on, the paralegal sorted through boxes of files strewn around Guez's bedroom.

PARALEGAL: *Mr. Guez was very argumentative the whole time. He was yelling that these were his "fuckin' papers," that none of what I needed was there. That if I found a single Sasson document he would cut his balls off....*

*Instead of paralegal he called*

*me a paraplegic.*

Guez was later arrested and barred from going to the Sasson offices, from going within 100 yards of the trustee or his apartment and from calling the trustee at home.

Guez's luck went from bad to worse. Sasson claimed to have \$3.4 million on account at Chemical Bank. The bank said that all Sasson accounts were closed. Guez sued a former lawyer for malpractice. The lawyer countersued and won a \$470,000 judgment. Guez's \$650,000 yacht, the 61-foot *Lady Sasson*, may be sold to pay creditors, as will his townhouse, from which he was evicted last October. Guez's most recent lawyer concedes that there is "some kind of impairment here" regarding Paul's "mental hygiene." ➤

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## CENTRAL FALLS

478 West Broadway

**Filed Chapter 11 in July 1987**

**EXCUSE(S):** *Snoopy SoHo co-op board botched the restaurant's deal to purchase its premises*

**PROPOSED SOLUTION:**

*Restaurant has sued the landlord, the co-op corporation and its board of directors for breach of contract*

**NUMBER OF LAWSUITS PENDING:** 12

**CHAPTER 11 PHILOSOPHY:**

*"It's a bitch."*

*—Tom, manager*

EVEN THIS OASIS ON West Broadway felt the pinch, due to a landlord snafu. When Central Falls's \$5,800-a-

month lease expired in October 1986, the restaurant moved to buy shares in the co-op building for \$1.1 million. Confident the deal would go through, the restaurant's owners went out and got a \$150,000 loan for a down payment.

But while Central Falls was saddled with a new monthly rent of \$15,500, the co-op deal fell through, after the board of directors suddenly decided not to approve the sale. Mounting legal fees, severe cash problems and an imminent IRS seizure sent the place into Chapter 11. Central Falls's current mission: to get the bankruptcy judge to prevent the co-op from selling the shares to anybody else.



## PATISSERIE LANCIANI

271-275 West 4th Street  
and 177 Prince Street

**Filed Chapter 11 in July 1987**

**EXCUSE(S):** *Tax man at the door*  
**PROPOSED SOLUTION:** *Since the stock market crash, business is looking up: "People generally eat more sweets when things are rough."*—Joe Lanciani, owner

**NUMBER OF LAWSUITS PENDING:** 3

**CHAPTER 11 PHILOSOPHY:**

*"It's a very expensive proposition."*

BOTH LANCIANI STORES scurried into the Chapter 11 nest after reporting extremely bad sales in June. One of the stores' biggest creditors was poor Joe Lanciani himself, to the tune of \$25,000. The IRS threatened to seize the place for \$127,053 in back taxes. The landlord sued.

Bankruptcy papers show that at the time of the filing, the bakery was paying off two leased cars: \$424 a month for a Camaro and \$555 for a BMW.

## EL INTERNACIONAL

217-219 West Broadway

**Filed Chapter 11**

**in January 1987**

**EXCUSE(S):** *"Poor management"*

**PROPOSED SOLUTION:**

*"New menu"*

**NUMBER OF LAWSUITS**

**PENDING:** 4

**CHAPTER 11 PHILOSOPHY:**

*None*

THIS DOWNTOWN TAPAS bar featured \$12 dollops of doll-size food, and dried codfish hanging on the walls. Remember walking by and wondering how this lurid hybrid of El Morocco and Pee-wee's Playhouse could keep them spinning through the doors? Well, it

couldn't, despite two stars from the *Times* in 1984. The month before El Internacional filed Chapter 11, its account at Citibank had been seized. Captain Post is a creditor.

An interesting Chapter 11 twist: Barcelona Internacional, the company that *originally* ran El Internacional, agreed to sell the restaurant to its current owners in August 1986. In September of this year, Barcelona filed for bankruptcy, too, because the new management, already in Chapter 11, had made no payments and had not paid debts or taxes. Barcelona now hopes to regain possession of El Internacional so it can sell the restaurant to yet another *tapas* pioneer.

## THE INTREPID SEA-AIR-SPACE MUSEUM

46th Street and Twelfth Avenue

**Filed Chapter 11 in July 1985**

**EXCUSE(S):** *Embezzling employees*

**BONUS SEASONAL EXCUSE:** *Low attendance due to "an unusually rainy spring and excessively hot summer"*

**PROPOSED SOLUTION:**

*Attendance should be boosted by beefing up advertising and promotion, the establishment of a Naval Reserve Center aboard ship and the proximity of the swanky Javits Center*

**NUMBER OF LAWSUITS PENDING:**

*3, plus "numerous other actions for personal injuries resulting from ship board accidents"*

**CHAPTER 11 PHILOSOPHY:**

*Closing the museum permanently "would impact creditors and society at large."*

ALTHOUGH THE INTREPID once pulled in revenues of up to \$10,000 a night as a rented floating party room for Diana Ross and Issey Miyake, nowadays it's just a sleepy educational air-and-space museum charging \$4.75 admission, \$2

for students and senior citizens. During the bankruptcy proceedings, the District Attorney's office revealed that they were investigating labor racketeering at the museum. Longshoremen's union members who worked as ticket sellers were suspected of stealing millions of dollars in gate receipts; others held no-show jobs. These two activities tend to drain revenues. The *Intrepid* skim allegedly went from the union to a West Side gang of Irish toughs known as the Westies. (In an unrelated incident, several Westies are currently on trial for kidnapping, loan-sharking, extortion and murder. Newspaper accounts of the trial have reported such testimony as "Jimmy cut his head off. That's not my bag.")

One of the beauties of Chapter 11, however, is its capacity to forgive, forget and just concentrate on the numbers. Last summer the museum proposed a plan under which *Intrepid* creditors would receive a whopping 13.5 cents of every dollar owed. The option of a pass entitling the bearer-creditor to unlimited museum visits was apparently never discussed.



## URBINO

76-78 Carmine Street

**Filed Chapter 11 in July 1987**

**EXCUSE(S):** Competition from other Village restaurants; "undercapitalization";

\$111,000 due in taxes

**BONUS SEASONAL EXCUSE:**

"Now {August} it's the slowest time of the year."

—Tom Quinn, proprietor

**PROPOSED SOLUTION:** New

Saatchi & Saatchi

headquarters nearby on Hudson

Street will provide fresh

clientele: "You're talking about

a business where I'm sure there's

a lot of entertaining that's done

both lunch and dinner. I think

they're talking about 2,000

employees."

**NUMBER OF LAWSUITS PENDING:** 1

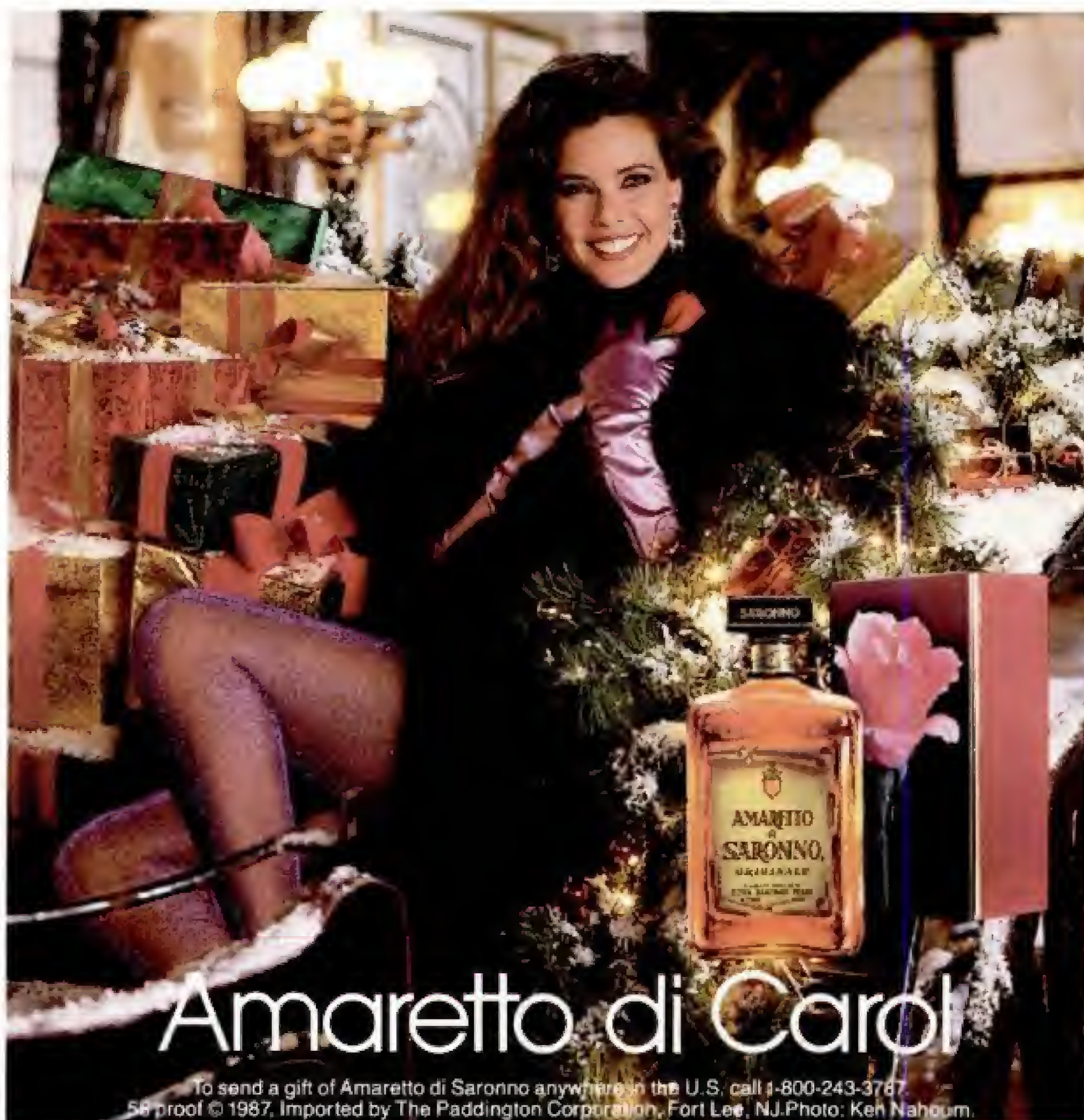
**CHAPTER 11 PHILOSOPHY:**

"You're trying to buy time, let's face it."

### URBINO CO-OWNER

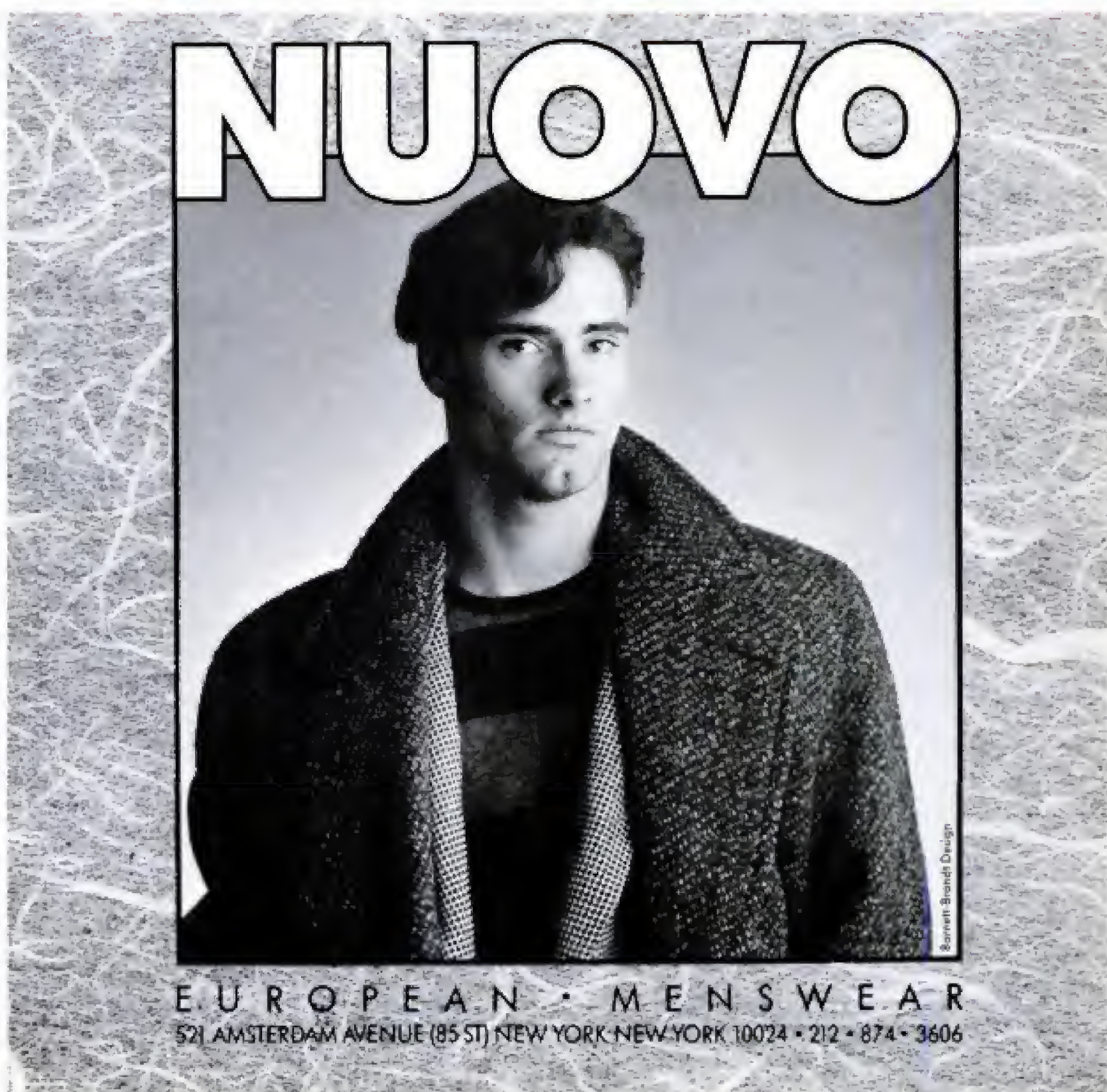
Tom Quinn recently returned to New York from down south to "take the bull by the horns" and put his restaurant back in order. Under the stewardship of Quinn's partner, Urbino had walked right up to the edge. Since 1983 the restaurant generally did all right serving Italian fare to people who lived in the neighborhood. But the unpredictable scourges of "extreme competition" and "undercapitaliz[ation]" got to Urbino. So did the IRS, which locked the doors and seized the place on the morning of July 13 for \$36,000 in unpaid federal taxes. State authorities claimed an additional \$75,000. The landlord sued.

"So you have to trim the fat a little bit more," says Quinn, who is an ex-broker. "I don't think it's embarrassing like it was years ago. It happens. The restaurant business—it's your *life* to run it properly. It's a glorified babysitting job." ➡➡



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## WALDEN SCHOOL

1 West 88th Street

**Filed Chapter 11 in June 1987**

**EXCUSE(S):** Bitter real estate dispute—Walden wanted to dump a developer it had hired to build a 22-story condominium tower next to the school building

**PROPOSED SOLUTION:** Developer No. 1 dumped; school signed with developer No. 2

**NUMBER OF LAWSUITS PENDING:** 3

**CHAPTER 11 PHILOSOPHY:**

"It was a dramatic stroke, but it worked."—Richard Marotta, new headmaster

MIKE NICHOLS WENT there. Matthew Broderick went there. But in recent years fewer and fewer students were applying. Enrollment shrank from a high of 533 students in 1979–80 to 244 in the 1986–87 academic year. Alumni contributions declined. Con Ed was threatening to turn off the electricity if Walden didn't pay its \$18,212 bill. A final disconnect notice arrived in March 1987.

Other bills piled up: \$81.35 due to a drum store, \$1,540.73 owed to an elevator company, \$110 to a piano tuner and \$38 apiece to a couple of basketball refs from Ozone Park and Bensonhurst. Walden School has operated as a not-for-profit private school for 73 years. Now this.

But it quickly became clear that Walden's Chapter 11 was a bit of a chess game. In 1984

the school's board desperately needed to refurbish the building. It made a deal with a developer, Yarnak Corporation, which agreed to make a \$745,000 down payment, take over the school's \$16,688 monthly mortgage payments and build 22,000 square feet of new classroom space. Walden agreed to sell the developer an adjacent chunk of land on which a 22-story residential tower might be built.

Workmen poked holes in some ceilings and floors. Steel girders were ordered. But when community groups in the area objected to the tower, the work stopped and the litigation started. And the Chapter 11, Walden admitted, was filed to get the development deal scrapped. Why? Two weeks before the filing, the school had signed a nicer deal with another developer, Sutton East Associates. It wanted to go ahead with that deal instead.

Peace was made last July, and Walden got its way—at a price. For \$2.4 million, the old developer agreed to walk away. Walden could go ahead with its new builder. Ironically, a month later headmaster Stephen Clement was dismissed by the board of trustees after parents complained about the school's financial woes. On October 8, Judge Lifland officially dismissed Walden's Chapter 11 case. "It was successful in really helping to build our future," says new headmaster Richard Marotta.

## NIBBLES

501 Lexington Avenue

**Filed Chapter 11 in March 1987**

**EXCUSE(S):** "Competition from fast food outlets" made Nibbles "increasingly delinquent in the payment of taxes"

**PROPOSED SOLUTION:** Projected increase in volume and profits

**NUMBER OF LAWSUITS PENDING:** 0

**CHAPTER 11 PHILOSOPHY:** None

THIS BAR AND RESTAURANT in the Roger Smith Hotel is big on tourist breakfasts. It also caters to guests in nearby hotels that are probably in Chapter 11 themselves. At the time of filing, the place had assets of \$8,600 and liabilities of \$112,470. Captain Post is not a creditor, but the Beehive Beer Distributing Company is.

## BLACK ROCK CAFE

410 Avenue of the Americas

**Filed Chapter 11**

**in May 1987**

**EXCUSE(S):** "It was mainly for the Internal Revenue Service. They wanted all our money."

—Robert Farley, proprietor

**PROPOSED SOLUTION:** "I don't want to screw my suppliers. My plan is 100 cents on the dollar."

**NUMBER OF LAWSUITS**

**PENDING:** 0

**CHAPTER 11 PHILOSOPHY:**

"It's not a bad thing; everybody looks upon it as a bad thing."

ONE OF THOSE UNDISTINGUISHED places in the tourist tunnel that is lower Sixth Avenue. Black Rock owed \$150,000 in back taxes, so the IRS attached its bank account in December 1986 and seized the spectacular sum of \$9,000. Captain Post is owed \$3,123.

Proprietor Robert Farley says he inherited debts from the restaurant's previous owners and decided to file Chapter 11 just to buy himself some time. In fact Farley owns "oh, five, six" other restaurants and looks forward to opening his newest Mexican place on East 58th Street, which he has cleverly called My Juan and Only.



## PLAYGIRL MAGAZINE

**Filed Chapter 11 in May 1986**

**EXCUSE(S):** Losses in mysterious "other enterprises"

**PROPOSED SOLUTION:** Pay unsecured creditors about 8 cents on the dollar

**NUMBER OF LAWSUITS PENDING:** 8

**CHAPTER 11 PHILOSOPHY:**

"[The] business is fundamentally sound."

PLAYGIRL IS PROFITABLE and about to emerge from

Chapter 11 proceedings, proving that airbrushed skin and re-touched chest hair still sell. "Financial difficulties [were] due primarily to . . . not being sufficiently capitalized to enable [the company] to discharge all of its obligations attendant to the various fields in which it was engaged." When SPY asked *Playgirl's* attorney what these various fields were, he replied, "Uh, well, I'm going to have to speak to the firm about that."



## CHAPTER 11 CHUMP?

*Or, who is Captain Post,  
anyway, and why do so many  
people owe the guy?*



"I'm in business 50 years," said Melvin Mintz from his office on 52nd Street and Eleventh Avenue. Then Mrs. Mintz got on the line and took over. Melvin went to the bathroom.

"They made pickles and horseradish here for 68 years. When Melvin came in 50 years ago, he converted the business into a wholesale food business—groceries. When Melvin was growing up, the deliveries were made by horse and wagon. And it was Melvin's job when he was ten years old to come and make sure the horses had water and that everything was clean, foodwise, and so on.

"You talk to anybody in the streets. Everybody knows Melvin Mintz.... [Captain Post] is registered in the *Who's Who*. The name is over a hundred years old. There was an actual Captain Post. He was a military man who used to sell horseradish and pickles, I think."

What about all the people who owe Captain Post money?

Mrs. Mintz didn't hesitate. "You've got to bite the bullet. What do you do? I said to Melvin, 'A lot of these places can no longer afford the rents. A lot of people are running away, and the laws are such that it allows them to do this.'"

The Chapter 11 laws?

"Absolutely. A lot of it is unwarranted. And a lot of [the excuses are] false. But still they're protected by Chapter 11. I keep writing to congressmen all the time that I don't mind the Chapter 11 routine, but at least modify it so that people won't be so protected.

"There's nothing we can do. A person runs a business to the best of his ability. Some people are smarter. Some people work harder. Some people are more dedicated. Some people have proper help." ③

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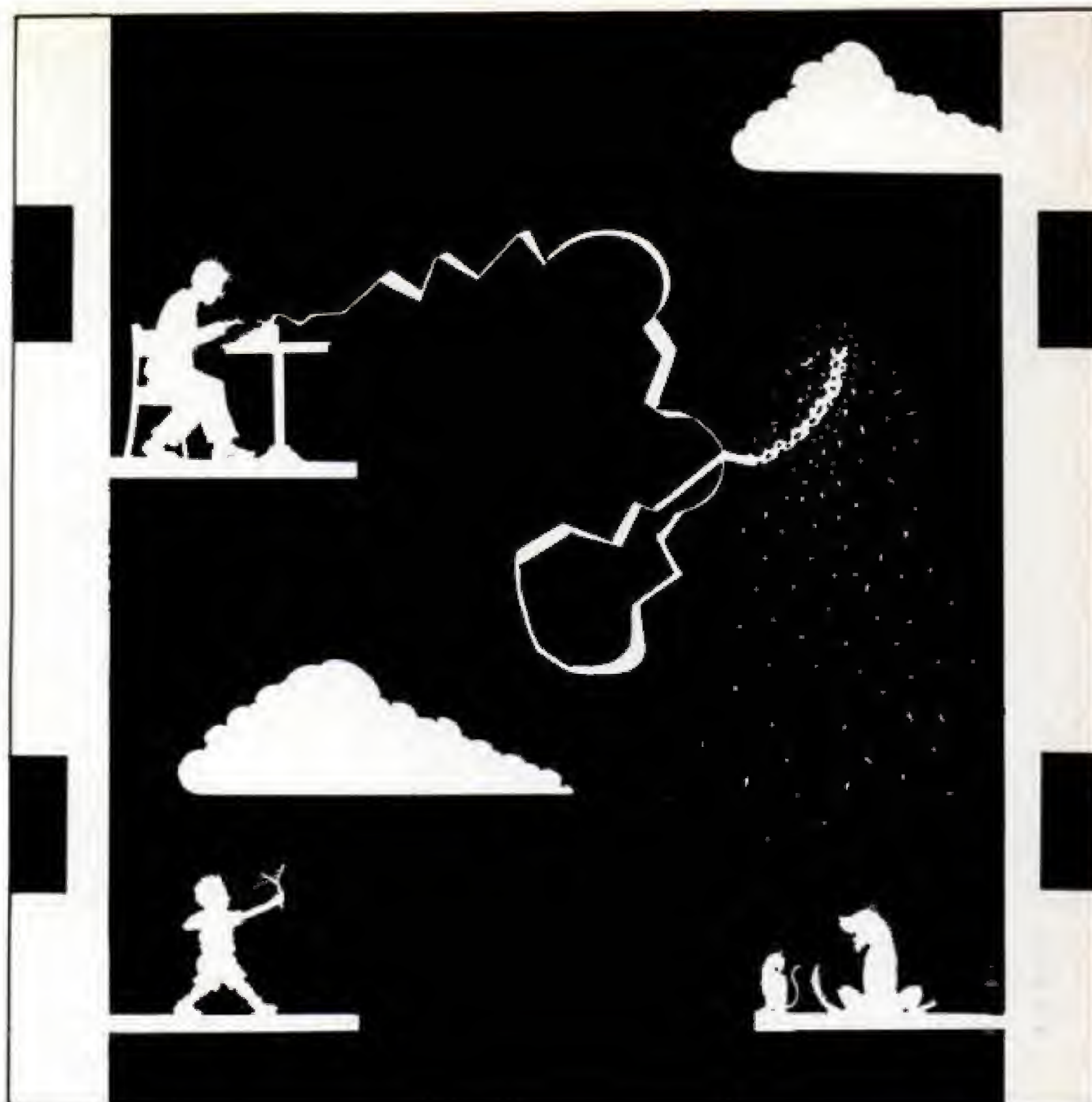
Review of Reviewers

Television

Eating

Selling

How to Be a Grown-up



# NUTS

*in a Nutshell*

BY MICHÈLE BENNETT

HI, GIRLS! WELL, THE JURY'S STILL out on Dolly. "The only reason ABC's *Dolly* gets any stars at all is because of Dolly Parton herself," wrote my favorite TV reviewer, dashing David Bianculli of the intellectual's newspaper, the *New York Post*. "She's so disarmingly open, so nakedly honest, that giving her a bad review would be like tripping Mother Teresa."

Dave's opposition at the *Daily News*, Kay "I Get Everything Wrong" Gardella, held nothing back. "Well, Hello Dolly," she began inspirationally. "I've got to

hand it to you. You pulled it off." Continuing in this fan-letter vein, she went on: "Loved that opening bubble bath sequence. You look great buried in bubbles, and the musical number, 'I'm Bubblin' Over,' fits in just fine. And what a sensational backdrop! Just like you, everything about it is feminine and good on the eyes."

Oh, shut up, Kay. You don't even *know* Dolly. But here's the ditsy Gardella again—on the day Dan Rather went AWOL from CBS News, and Russell Baker, seeing a blank TV screen, thought he was dead. "I don't know why, during this anti-Dan Rather period, I feel compelled to defend the CBS newsman," wrote Gardella in search of an opinion. "After all, he makes a lot more money than I do. . . ."

The *Post* is where it's at. Expanding its cultural horizons, as always, the paper invited Mayor Koch to debut as a movie critic. Modest, as always, Koch obliged. "*Dirty Dancing* is a fraud—it isn't dirty and the dancing is terrible," he wrote, pulling no punches. "*The Whistle Blower* was a downer. I didn't understand this movie. . . . *Fatal Attraction* is probably the best thriller since *Psycho*. . . . *No Way Out*, starring



Kevin Costner, is another movie I loved. . . . The steamy opening love scene, which takes place in a stretch limo, will stretch your imagination." Which only goes to show that the wacko mayor as movie critic is no different from the wacko mayor as mayor: a populist, but limited.

Not like David "Wangdoodle" Edelstein, the *Voice's* beloved movie critic. A couple of months ago we noted his rapturous profile of Ellen Barkin in *Rolling Stone*, in which Wangdoodle described himself as "totally plugged into her" during her sex scene with Dennis Quaid in *The Big Easy*. Subsequently Wangdoodle came back for more, this time in *Premiere*. "Then comes the sex scene," he wrote, again, "in which Quaid slips his hand under her skirt and Barkin, first embarrassed, then enraptured, brings us totally into her head."

In the same issue of *Premiere*, the glossy Murdoch-owned magazine that has evidently already run out of material, Phoebe Hoban did a Wangdoodlish profile of Dennis Quaid. *One more time for the sex scene?* "Quaid's hand slides under her skirt. 'Just relax, darlin', this is de big easy. . . .'"

And it would be understandable if the excellent Ellen Barkin is thinking, *Dis is ridiculous*.

Meanwhile, Herbert Mitgang of *The New York Times* gave us a little grammar lesson. In an interview with Charles Baxter about his acclaimed novel, *First Light*, Mitgang recounted Baxter's describing his use of the present tense in the book. "And so," explained the learned Mitgang, "the words 'says' and 'makes' are used throughout the novel rather than 'said' or 'made.' The same holds true for other verbs."

How cruel critics can be! (Which is not to be confused with the past tense *been*, as in "How cruel critics can been.") Turn to the *Times's* sports pages. "Watching the Bears thump the Giants," wrote Michael Goodwin during the short-lived start of the football season, "was made all the more painful by listening to the broadcasters. Or, more precisely, listening to Frank Gifford. . . . The feel, then, on Monday night was that of a man with seniority—17 years in this case—who is being kept on beyond his time. On the railroads, superfluous staffing is called feather-bedding." On newspapers, that's also called heartless. I'm getting worried about the *Times* critics.

First *Times* music critic Bernard Holland confides in the *Times's* dread Critic's

Notebook, "You probably think I don't like listening to music. . . . Maybe it's a sin for someone in my business to say he can leave Beethoven alone. On the other hand, Beethoven every so often might be glad if we did." Then *Times* music critic Donal Henahan writes in Arts and Leisure, "In response to a reader who accuses all critics of accentuating the negative, I hurry to state that I agree wholeheartedly." Unfortunately, Holland was being manically serious, and Henahan thunderously ironic. They ought to seek advice immediately from Ed Koch.

Why are reviewers terrified of Joan Didion? She's paranoid enough for all of them. Reading the cautious, windy reviews of her extremely slim new book, *Miami*, it seems that no one is able to, well, quite *understand* it. Yet no one comes clean and says so. James "Lollipop" Atlas raves about Didion in *Vanity Fair*. "I'm crazy about Miami," he records her saying to him "with girlish enthusiasm. 'I like the weather, the light, the warm soft rain on Biscayne Bay; I like Cubans, the liveliness of the scene.' " But Atlas adds, "None of this is in her book." Well, what exactly *is* in her book?

"There's been an awful lot going on since the Kennedy assassination that would seem to lend itself to conspiratorial interpretations," she tells Atlas "darkly." To which he adds admiringly, "And her book assembles an impressive amount of evidence—of what, I'm not entirely sure."

Only *Time* magazine's R. Z. Sheppard had the balls to point a finger at these Emperor's new clothes. "To spend time in Miami is to acquire a certain fluency in cognitive dissonance," is Didion's evaluation of her experience," Sheppard wrote. "Translated from the Latinate, this means she could not make sense out of the town. To compensate, she relies on her feel for the ominous, a proven ability that can make readers believe there may even be rough beasts slouching toward the teddy bear department of F.A.O. Schwarz."

Or, perhaps, as Whitney Balliett wrote of novelist Alice McDermott (*That Night*) in the venerable *New Yorker*, "She is Henry James without the furbelows and bibelots and antimacassars."

Of course, in these days of testosterone-packed men's magazines, the most popular point of comparison is not furbelows and bibelows and antimacassars, but Cary Grant. We reported last month that John

Ritter, of all people, was compared by the *Times* to Cary Grant. *Esquire* joined in with "In [Tom] Hanks's case, there is one name that comes up more often than any other. The name is Cary Grant." And now *GQ* makes its nomination—as a cover story: IS JEFF DANIELS THE NEXT CARY GRANT? (The answer is no.) Frankly, you can keep those three goofballs. I'd rather watch the real thing in *The Philadelphia Story*.

The *Vanity Fair* school of dribble, drivel and drool took a turn for the worse recently in the hands of Kenneth Turan, who slobbered over THE NEW FEMMES FATALES in *European Travel & Life*. "Look at these women," began his text, alongside the usual photo spread of Euro-actresses sucking in their cheeks. "No, don't ogle (we'll get to that later). . . ." Isn't Turan a hoot? "The femmes fatales are Europeans, we are Americans; they are the all-knowing old world, we are the virile, eager new one; and if that's not enough to get everybody's blood boiling, we're running closer to empty than we think." No, Kenneth, you're running closer to empty than *you* think.

On to more important matters! In retrospect, were the critics entirely fair to Senator Joe "Ich bin ein Berliner" Biden? Raymond Coffey, op-ed columnist for the *Daily News*, turned literary critic and stood alone in actually listening to the senator's *own* words at the Bork hearings.

"So that you suggest," he said to Bork at one point, "that unless the Constitution has, I believe in the past you used the phrase that in the, in its textual identifies a value that's worthy of being protected, then competing values in a society—the competing value of a public utility, in the case, the example you use, to go out and make money has no more constitutional—that economic right has no more, no more or less constitutional protection than the right of a married couple to use or not use birth control in their bedroom. Is that—I mean, isn't that what you're saying?" And the fair-minded Mr. Coffey added, "What? If that is Biden Original, I'll take the forgeries."

And Judge Bork said, *Just relax, darlin'. This is de big easy*.

And the Latinate Didion said, *Dis seems to lack a certain fluency in cognitive dissonance*.

And Wangdoodle Edelstein said, *Oh, Ellen. Oh, Ellen. Ooooh!*

And I say, see you—and the reviewers, bless them—next month. ☺



# Out of Creative CONTROL



BY SHARON ROSENTHAL

WE BET ALL YOU ERIK ESTRADA fans out there are still talking about the 1982 telemovie he produced and starred in. What's that? You missed *Honeyboy*? Pity. Estrada's portrayal of a sensitive

hunk trying to box his way out of the barrio was a textbook example of what happens when an actor gets a chance to play the Renaissance man. Once an actor starts his own production company, we're all in trouble.

Though most of the danger lies in potential TV movies-of-the-week, these self-proclaimed auteurs don't always confine themselves to making movies. *Our House*'s Deidre Hall, for example, uses her company, Custom's Last Stand, to whip up video résumés for such major, major stars as June Lockhart. Donna "More eye shadow!" Mills uses her eponymous production company to disseminate how-to videos showcasing her vast cosmetics expertise.

Still, movies are the genre that inspires actors' most grandiose dreams. The chance to shape a big story on even a six-inch screen explains why one theme crops up whenever some celebrity recounts the tortuous struggles that finally drove him to form his own company: *money*. Uh, that is to say, *creative control*. Yes, creative control is the operative concept here.

Creative control means that Michael Landon, through Michael Landon Productions, has the power to "feel like I can say anything to anybody." In 1984 Landon extracted a pay-or-play deal (he would get paid even if the show never ran, though *Highway to Heaven* has endured beyond all bearing) from NBC executives awed by his uncanny knack for never overestimating viewer intelligence. And *only* creative control could explain Emmanuel Lewis's ability to transform himself from the small riot he is on *Webster* to a small but somehow

strangely bigger riot, through the Emmanuel Lewis Entertainment Enterprises Inc. production *My Very Own Special*, for ABC.

Of course, both of these control freaks are only carrying on a tradition begun 68 years ago, when Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. joined D. W. Griffith to form United Artists. Nowadays, alas, for every megastar with his own production company, such as Robert Redford and his Wildwood Productions, there are countless microstars skulking about, plotting to unleash Lord-knows-what on the unsuspecting public.

There's Robert Wagner and his R.J. Productions, which owned *Lime Street* (remember Samantha Smith?) and last year trotted out a ridiculous TV movie starring R.J. and Elizabeth Taylor. That's right:



*There Must Be a Pony*. Then there's Gary Coleman and his Zephyr Productions, with *The Kid With the 200 I.Q.*, *The Kid With the Broken Halo*, *The Kid From Left Field* and *Jimmy the Kid*.

And, perhaps most frightening of all for his multimedia reach into movies, television and the Los Angeles stage, there's Gregory "Gonzo" Harrison and his Catalina Productions. Best known for his performance in TV's male-stripper story *For Ladies Only*, Harrison will soon be seen executive-producing himself as an aspiring actor who inadvertently swipes a Renoir in the CBS movie *Hot Paint*. "Sometimes," says one longtime Hollywood observer, "it seems like the only actor *without* his own production company is Lassie." Get it? Hollywood's so nutty that a *dog* could have a production company.

The question, of course, is, why do studios not only tolerate but even encourage such uppityness from has-beens and never-weres? For the same reason Sean (*Shanghai*

*Surprise*) Penn demands and gets \$1 million a picture: the actor gets status and *creative control*; the studio gets the actor. As Jay Bernstein, the Hollywood hyperagent who made Suzanne Somers the superstar she is today, says, "It's a way of attracting an actor to a deal. I mean, would an actor rather be a hired hand at Fox or be a producer at Paramount?"

Hence the euphoria around the Disney studio lot last July when *Money Pit* star Shelley Long signed a multimillion-dollar deal to develop, star in and produce several films. Not to mention the even greater, far more understandable euphoria when, five months earlier, Bette Midler had signed an even multier-million-dollar deal that just about gave her own Miss M Productions the run of the place.

Far be it from us to suggest that all this creative control is a bad thing—indeed, we kind of like it. Given a nurturing environment, who knows what might be forthcoming from ex-sweathog Robert (*Welcome Back, Kotter*) Hegyes's Media 2000 company? "I haven't had anything made yet," says Hegyes. "But R. J. Wagner had an option on *Run to Daylight* for a movie-of-the-week, and Gregory Harrison had an option on *The Hollywood All-Stars* for another movie-of-the-week. And there's a great deal of interest in a Marx Brothers idea of mine . . . actually, with an Australian company."

Also, quite frankly, we like the names. Names like Shelley Long's Itsbinso Long Inc.; Pam Dawber's Pony Productions; Marsha Mason's Come Lately Productions; Melissa Gilbert's Half-Pint Productions; Jim Belushi's White Horse Productions; and our personal favorite, Dick (*Bewitched*) Sargent's Neat Guy Productions.

But two thoughts haunt us. First, now that Collins/Holm Productions (and, concomitantly, Joan and Peter's marriage) is effectively defunct, who will make mini-series like *Sins* and *Monte Carlo*?

And second, with everyone from Heather Thomas to Mary Stuart Masterson to Corbin Bernsen contemplating production companies of their own, can there possibly be enough TV time to realize all those truly creative ideas? Thwarting an actor-producer means trouble. "If I create *half* the stuff I've got in mind," threatens L.A. Law's Bernsen, "I'll go down in the record books. And if I don't, I'll die a frustrated man whose brains were knocking at the sides of his head." ☸



# A Freeloader's DIARY

BY JOE QUEENAN

IT IS A WELL-KNOWN FACT THAT resourceful moochers (journalists) can feed themselves every day of the week by attending press conferences, charity galas, business luncheons and gallery openings,

as well as parties to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the contact lens. Not so widely known are the long-term health effects of

**EATING** all this culinary freeloading. Until now, no one has undertaken a systematic investigation of the following questions: Is it possible to maintain a nutritionally balanced diet by eating free but publicity-tainted food? Do moochers run the risk of excessive cholesterol buildup? Last but not least, is it possible for the journalistic face-stuffer to meet his minimum daily requirements of riboflavin, vitamin B<sub>12</sub> and folic acid following such a regimen?

The answers to these questions are (1) no; (2) yes; and (3) go ask Jane Brody. I came to these conclusions by spending a week recently bingeing at Manhattan press events. Typical was the lawn party held in the backyard of the Cooper-Hewitt Museum in honor of the School of Visual Arts's 40th anniversary. Many political and cultural figures were in attendance, most of them looking like they knew how to hold up their end of the feed bag. The press release said that Christo would be there. I did not see Christo (he may have been the one who wrapped the salmon), but I did see abundant evidence of Crisco. Yes, it was a nightmare, unsaturated-and-saturated-fats-wise, with the scallops wrapped in bacon, the Parmesan cheese puffs and the Indonesian-style chicken chunks dipped in thick peanut butter sauce. The event also featured fresh Norwegian salmon, some very decent French wines (Château de Clos), tons of booze, endives covered with Stilton (more saturated



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far), and truffles. I ate seven truffles but probably burned off most of the approximately 700 calories trading elbows with a group of ravenous old ladies muscling in for seconds on salmon. Was there any food at the event that could be called nutritious? Yes: celery stalks, tomatoes and red pepper slivers. Fiber, fiber.

The Cooper-Hewitt event was actually grubby compared with the shindig held a little ways down Fifth Avenue, at the Stanhope Hotel, by the Colorado ski industry. The spread was a macrobiotic apocalypse: linguine, fettuccine and ravioli dripping with cheese sauce; salmon canapés with a flaky, buttery crust; greasy stuffed mushrooms and kiwi-topped pasty drowning in cream. There were also acres of Roquefort, petits fours, bonbons, miniature lamb chops and, as usual, enough booze to float the navy. (In retrospect, it is hard to know why I did not develop arteriosclerosis, suffer a heart attack and die that very evening.) Were there any opportunities to burn up calories? Yes, by energetically and repeatedly shaking hands with Roy Romer, the robust governor of Colorado. Was there any nutritious food? Yes, celery stalks, raw mushrooms and green peppers. Fiber, fiber.

Did I attend any sit-down affairs? You bet. First, some background. Most corporate luncheons are a 12:30 p.m. payback for the deadly 11:30 a.m. press conference. At these luncheons breast of chicken is always served. In 1985 I went to nine consecutive press events where I was served breast of chicken, at venues ranging from Tavern on the Green to the Waldorf-Astoria. So when I showed up at Maxim's for a celebration of 100 years of contact lenses, I wasn't all that surprised to be served breast of chicken in buttery mushroom sauce, with the statutory thin wedges of fried potatoes, buttered green beans and freshish, oily salad. Champagne and wine were plentiful, and dessert was a choice of a rich strawberry tart or an even richer banana tart topped by kiwi slices. (Kiwi, ubiquitous kiwi: the food at these functions, when it puts on airs, tends to put on eight-year-old airs.) Chances to burn up calories? Yes, shimmying to Edith Piaf in the men's room. Nutritious food? I could have ordered a glass of milk.

I stuck with the corporate scene for a while. MasterCard International held a nifty little event at the refurbished Carne-

gie Hall Cinema. I didn't stay around long enough to find out what the company was so gosh-darned excited to be announcing, unveiling, upgrading or reintroducing, but I did bump into the president of Mothers Against Drunk Driving. Her presence probably explained why there was no open bar. That and the fact that it was 8:30 a.m.

The event was typical: a choice of three fresh fruit juices, then straight down into the nutritional void. Brackish coffee, *Rawhide* style. Buttery Danish. Buttery almond croissants. Buttery cherry tarts. On the procardiovascular, antitaste side, dry bran muffins. Fiber, fiber.

Am I trying to suggest that all press events are a free pass to Rancho Puerco? Certainly not. The inexperienced but aes-



thetically inclined moocher would starve if he waited for most art galleries to feed him at openings. With the occasional exception of a thin wedge of Brie, galleries generally serve cheap white wine in plastic cups—period. At the diptych show at the Whitney Museum of American Art at Equitable Center—the name is bigger than the gallery—they didn't even serve the bad wine. They had Perrier and coffee. In fact, after my visit to the International Center of Photography's midtown branch it became clear to me why galleries rarely supply food. That evening the ICP committed the one truly unforgivable crime: allowing a visual artist—in this case, a photographer—to speak in public. Lenswoman Barbara Norfleet had figured out all by herself that there is a large group of enormously wealthy and powerful people in this country who don't like to be photographed—and that it would be fun to photograph them in unattractive poses. By the time she got through plugging her picto-

rial hatchet job on members of this class, some of whom seemed to be in attendance, I understood the prudence of keeping rumaki and Swedish meatballs well out of firing range.

Book parties are great for booze monkeys, but if you need something to coat your stomach, eat a few pieces of bread before you show up. A reception cosponsored by E. P. Durton and Stolichnaya featured salty taco chips (caked with an orange powder), hot sauce and the vodka drink of your choice. Nutrition: none. Happily, huge numbers of calories can be burned off at such events by hacking your way through the crowd at 7:59 to order four shots before the open bar unopens at 8:00.

Fashion shows should also be avoided by the hungry. At the Courrèges "Collection Printemps-Été 88," I didn't get a breadstick, a potato chip, a peanut, a glass of Perrier or an accompanying lime wedge. But I suppose no one could even think of eating while watching a parade of skin and bones and very expensive outfits. Oddly, of the 13 female and 2 male writers in the room, only 1 woman and 1 man could have worn the clothes being modeled. But I *bate* kicky things.

My most disconcerting mooch adventure took place at a concert of the Tibetan Singing Bowl Ensemble at the Asia Society. The music—produced by grinding wooden pestles around the rims of ancient bronze mixing bowls—seemed to come from the heavens. The food came from cows. Moreover, a great deal of the cheese at the reception was not consumed. The next day, Raphael Mostel, leader of the ensemble, gave another party. I arrived early for the second day's event and happened upon Mostel scraping the ammoniacal rind off two wheels of Brie and reshaping some lumpy cheddar into a mold. *Lesson:* Never eat the food served at a party on the night after an event seeking to synthesize Eastern and Western musical traditions.

My conclusion, then, is a disheartening one. Certainly it is possible for an experienced freeloader to slash his food budget to the bone by eating exclusively at press events. In due course, however, all that butter, fat, salt and sugar will take its toll. A person following a regimen such as mine all year round could probably not expect to live much past the turn of the century. He would live fast, die young and leave a very chunky corpse. ☹



# POLO,

Anyone?



BY RACHEL URQUHART

THE ADS ARE HARD TO MISS—PAGE after black-and-white page of urbane aristocrats acting out some very tasteful high drama. It's difficult to tell exactly what's going on in the photos (an Establishment

funeral? a camping trip in the Adirondacks?), but that's not really the point.

## SELLING

Since most of us live on the other side of the old-money

tracks, curiosity naturally draws us into the pantomime stills and ultimately to the little text lines at the bottom of the pages.

They read, simply, RALPH LAUREN or POLO.

Magazines adore Lauren's ad/pantomimes. He spends an estimated \$20 million a year on advertising—about what Calvin Klein spends on promoting his perfume, *Obsession*, alone, and a pittance by television-advertising standards—but the Polo ads are beautiful enough not to look like real advertising. There are no shrill slogans or jarring layouts to contend with. The ads' starched-white elitism (with the exception of servants and gardeners, there are no blacks or Hispanics in this master vision of the perfect world) lends the publications they appear in a rude whiff of pseudo snob appeal, which in turn attracts other upmarket advertisers. And Lauren's wordless appeals to the WASP in us all are nothing if not voluminous: one series in September's *Vanity Fair* ran an epic 21 pages.

But the Polo advertising strategy is not the problem—it's just how willing magazines (such as, oh, say, *Esquire* and *Vanity Fair*) are to pander to Lauren-the-occasional-editorial-subject in order to win the hand of Lauren-the-promiscuous-advertiser.

Serious editorial independence is what has in the past separated big, glossy, respectable national general-interest magazines from industry trade magazines and



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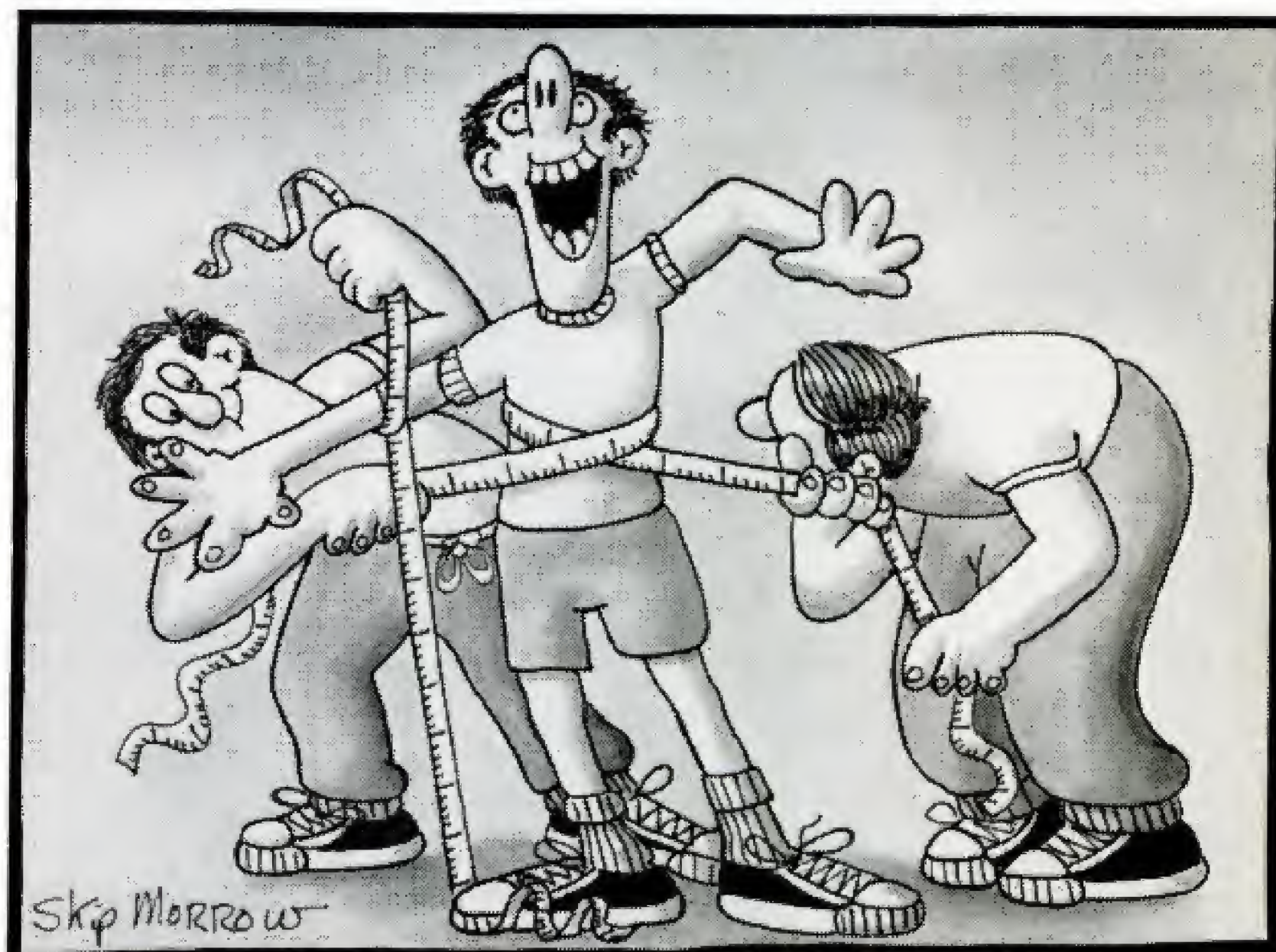
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the fashion press. And at such magazines the separation of editorial and advertising has been nothing short of constitutional. Recently, though, we have observed a marked blurring of the distinction between *advertisements* (in magazines such as, say, *Vanity Fair* and *Esquire*) telling readers what to buy and *articles* (in magazines such as, say, *Vanity Fair* and *Esquire*) telling them what to do with what they buy.

Speaking of *Esquire*, wasn't that Lauren on the magazine's September cover in sunglasses and his usual executive togs—a pair of faded blue jeans, a T-shirt, a corduroy-collared hunting jacket and a State Department gimmie cap? (Lauren is, remember, a guy who says he believes that “you’ve got to be who you are.”) And wasn't it nice that he finally got the credit he deserved in the introduction to *Esquire*'s exciting cover story that same month, PERSONAL FITTINGS WITH THE WORLD'S GREAT DESIGNERS? “Ever since Ralph Lauren first told you to wear your blue jeans with a tie,” the introduction gushed, “the world of men's fashion has been changed by choices.” And wasn't that a swell fashion story in the very same issue of *Esquire* on polo? (The *game*, not the line of clothing. Or, perhaps more accurately, not the game but the clothes in which to dream of watching it being played.) One passage in particular caught our eye: “Like the game of polo itself, the clothes shown here are classy, bold, and sporty. Leather and denim figure prominently. Design is simple and strong rather than refined, and the emphasis throughout is on comfort rather than high style.” That life-imitates-art, clothing-imitates-polo analogy sounds vaguely familiar. Could it have once been used by Lauren to describe his own clothes? And weren't those eight pages of Polo advertising in that very same September issue of *Esquire* really swell, too? It's been more than a year since Lauren bought even a spread for his Polo line in *Esquire*, but it's probably only a coincidence that he happened to choose that particular issue in which to do it. And finally, what better way to seal the whole beautiful *mano a mano* friendship than to feature Ralph Lauren in a full-page ad in *The New York Times*—for *Esquire*.

Two months later, *GQ* paid its respects to Lauren (in an issue that carried three pages of Lauren advertising). The cover photo featured Kevin Kline coyly turning

out the lining of his sport jacket to reveal . . . a Polo label.

Lauren does not make it easy on the magazines. He is notorious for driving, or attempting to drive, a hard bargain. When *Manhattan, inc.* wanted to do a story on him last year, Lauren reportedly submitted a long list of conditions: a guaranteed cover shot by *his* photographer, Bruce Weber (Lauren apparently offered to help finance the cover shoot if the magazine couldn't foot the bill); a minimum number of pages the article could run; and, finally, a list of acceptable writers for the profile. Editors at *Manhattan, inc.* who subsequently quit the magazine in a dispute over editorial-advertising snugliness refused. But within months of the editors' departure, two ad pages of Lauren's generic aristocrats opened the October issue.

Lauren is by no means the only large-scale advertiser appearing on the covers of national magazines (such as, say, *Esquire*). *Vanity Fair* is a pioneer in the field of advertiser promotion. A cover photo of



Paloma Picasso and a feature on fashion designer Carolina Herrera (the wife of Reinaldo Herrera, the magazine's so-called special projects editor) were both followed by multiple advertisements for Paloma Picasso perfume and Carolina Herrera clothing in the magazine. Last May, *Vanity Fair* doubled its usual quota of half a dozen monthly Calvin Klein ads by publishing a billet-doux of its own to him and his young, very loving bride, Kelly Rector, written by André Leon Talley—six and a half pages of gushy promotional copy that curiously ended up as a cover story. This from a magazine that promises potential advertisers “articles . . . reflect[ing] an other than obvious approach.”

## Happy New

# YOU



BY ELLIS WEINER

CHRISTMAS, NEW YEAR'S AND, between them, Nathaniel Harris Weiner's second birthday: I don't know about you and yours, but for me and mine the final week of December is an emotional white-

### HOW TO BE A GROWN- UP

water rapids, a plunge into a roiling, boiling turmoil of celebration and depression, where joyous laughter among friends and family gives way to strained small talk among family and friends. As Benchley sighed in his Dickens parody, “Christmas Afternoon,” “In the first place, there was the *ennui*. And such *ennui* as it was!”

Scant wonder that by January 1 we awaken—if we do awaken—suffused with a craving for renewal. The air of New Year's Day seems somehow more rarefied, more redolent of promise. Because everything is closed, there settles over the nation a very special, really gigantic hush. This contemplative silence, perhaps occasionally interrupted by the faint shriekings of jillions of football fans enjoying the spectacle of college students smashing into one another at the various Rose Bowls, Orange Bowls, Sugar Bowls, Fruit Bowls, Eggnog Bowls and Dog Food Bowls, is the very nutrient medium of hope: that our loved ones will be happier, that our nation's leaders will behave honorably and resign en masse, that our income and orgasms and property values and children's SAT scores—in a word, our *lives*—will improve.

They don't, usually, but it doesn't keep us from wishing it. In the New Year we want renewal, inspiration, rejuvenation; what we get is hangovers, dirty dishes and bills. One reason for this annual revitalization shortfall, I theorize, is that our system of time measurement, the Jovial calendar (or whatever it's called), is planetarily all wrong. New Year's comes in the dead of winter, while the first day of spring—the



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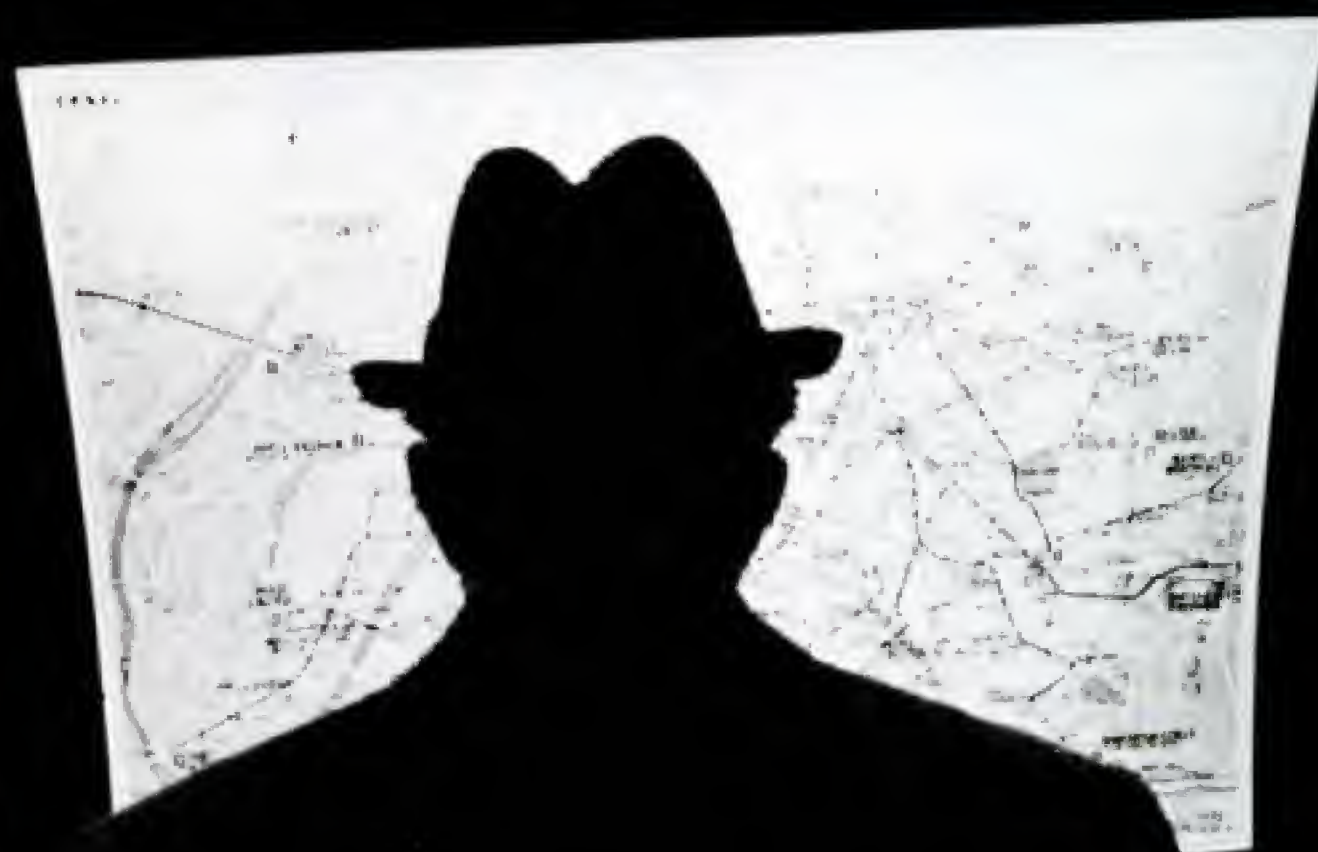


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*Earth's* time of rebirth—comes at the, uh, start of spring. No wonder every man, woman and child succumbs on New Year's Eve to a barely articulated but oddly compelling desire to get drunk. At midnight on December 31, even as we forget whether or not aging improves champagne and react with blank confusion when someone informs us that *confetti* is an Italian word meaning "sugared almonds," we know, in the mitochondria of our very cells, that this whole tumult and to-do is three months too early.

This desire for renewal—this premature, party-hatted, drunken, queasy reaffirmation of life—affects even the grown-up, who most of the time accepts as his duty the necessity to (1) shoot a bullet into the heart of his romantic longings and (2) spend the rest of his life biting it. At such times, even he is susceptible to the hopeful notion that good things can start happening to us because Fate exists out there, that our life is something that hits us on the head, like weather, and that it can, like weather, take a turn for the better while we hang around and have a cup of coffee.

From this it is but a short synaptic leap to the idea that a *better* fate exists for us if we simply move to a different place. This is particularly so in America, a country settled by religious extremists and social misfits on the lam and formally consolidated by businessmen seeking to elude history. Everywhere, at all times on this great continent, people have wanted to Start Over. You hear it in movies, novels and popular songs—from *The Grapes of Wrath* to *Green Acres*. The idea has spawned its own litter of cliché phrases: *get a new start; find a new life; start with a clean slate; kill your parents and rob a liquor store*.

What a fantasy. To tear off all the old relationships, debts, guilts, embarrassments, insults, shames and failures, like an old wardrobe you suddenly can't stand anymore, and throw them the hell out. The closet is empty! The swinging clothes hangers with their metallic tinkle await your first, perfect choice. No one you meet will know that you blew your marriage/job/relationship-with-your-kids. If, at a party, you tell someone you "did consulting work in communications and graphics for IBM," he or she will believe it, and not reply (as someone from the despised former life might), "Uh—no. You wrote a little pamphlet about adapter plugs, which they didn't use." A fresh start is a



blank check made out to you, by you, for unlimited withdrawals of ego cash.

Or so Americans with U-Hauls and Arizona road maps believe. The grown-up's first reaction to such no-fault migration is, of course, the polite smile of interest thinly veiling the sneer of contempt. If he knows nothing else, it is that, in the words of Buckaroo Banzai, "wherever you go, there you are." Your personality remains the same, and your experience—your *new* crummy marriage/job/relationship-with-your-kids—proceeds therefrom. You can fill the empty closet with a new set of interpersonal duds, but they will unfailingly reflect—once again—your taste.

All of which prudence and realism is terribly intelligent. Of course it is. *That's how the grown-up sees things.* So: notions of starting over are little more than romantic delusions, doomed to fail—right? Thus fortified with our dismal, disheartening intelligence, at least we know not to entertain such fantasies, and can direct our attention instead to accepting our current miserable existences.

Unfortunately, there is hope. Hare-brained schemes and crackpot dreams aren't *necessarily* doomed to fail. Look at Josef Mengele: he thrived for 40 years in South America—the California of the Southern Hemisphere. Starting over sometimes works, so the grown-up (even those of us who are not war criminals) must weigh it as an option. Even if personality is destiny, personality does evolve. It sometimes learns something from its stupid experience. Personality occasionally says to itself, "I'm not going to make *that* mistake again," and sometimes *doesn't* make it.

Thus the irony that the grown-up, Kung Fu Perfect Master of Irony that he is, must grasp: that in rejecting the idea of a new start in life as simplistic and romantic, he substitutes an antiromantic tough-mindedness that is itself simplistic. Refugees and Founding Fathers can, do and probably should hit the road and start a new life in a new place. So can people who've learned a thing or two and seek a new context for applying those lessons. On the other hand, people seeking to duck out on their fuck-ups probably should not, and will most likely re-create them elsewhere. How to know which applies? The grown-up sighs, nostalgic for the days of ignorance past, when wisdom came in one-liners, wrapped in fortune cookies. ☺

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SPY-1



# Party

At Howard Stern's WXRK studio, an eager Jessica Hahn is held down by her lawyer-handler.



▲ Presidential candidate Al Haig, evidently saying a little prayer that no one is taking his picture with fellow comedian Phyllis Diller.



▼ Those soigné art-world people: wealthy vandal (Guernica, the Museum of Modern Art, 1974) and graffiti merchant Tony Shafrazi makes a point with his glass of cheap white wine.

▲ WHERE ARE THEY NOW? Shop-keeper Keith Haring and former child porn star Brooke Shields, at the opening of Stephen Sprouse's new boutique, reminisce about the old days.



▲ Barbara Walters, Twentieth Century-Fox chairman Barry Diller and neoconservative heiress-pundit Lally Weymouth try to scare one another—in hopes, perhaps, of one day facing off against Pat Buckley (at left, leaving Mortimer's) for the national championship.



▲ Back again: the woman who replaced look-alike Dianne Brill in downtown demi-monde society burdens two uncomplaining bystanders at the World.



► At the very swanky Home on the Range, jive-talking literary lights Bret Easton Ellis and Gary "What if I hadn't gone to college with Jay McInerney?" Fisketjon



tried to teach new Knopf editor Sonny Mehta some high-powered finger-snapping hand gestures, but Mehta could only manage a Ricardo Tubbs "Hey, babe" sort of flourish with his index finger.





▲ **WHO'S THAT GARGOYLE?** Too many faces of Leona (above). "I wouldn't leave home without an airbrushed advertising photo of myself, why should you?" Leona Helmsley charms guests at a black-tie fundraiser with amusing **BEFORE** and **AFTER** skit, then (right) wins Barbara Walters's admiration for her trademark iron handgrip.



▲ **FOREIGNERS AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA** Basia Johnson, Polish maid turned millionairess-who-looks-like-a-Polish-maid, with couturier Victor Edelstein, an exemplar of British dental hygiene and the man responsible for Princess Diana's fashion sense.



▲ **SPY-obsessed Texan Lix Smith** beautifies herself in public.

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**THE SECRETS OUT—I'M AVAILABLE.** SJF, 30. Our common ground: inquisitive, creative, loyal, passionate, unjaded and skiing the fall line. Reply before first snow. SPY Box 37.

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On the first eve of Christmas,  
Santa bring to me:  
5 Champagne cocktails  
4-course candlelight dinner  
5 violinists  
2 bands for dancing  
1 sensuous woman  
and a response to SPY Box 36.

**ATTENTION ROT OWNERS** - Only 18 weeks to draft day! Study hard you Cohen heads, Reilly Odons, Cisco kids, Mutants, Breakers and whatever Reed's team is named (Foul Ayer?). Here's wishing you all a happy new year, and a second place finish for 1988. —Rieslings World Champs.

**Ice-cream lover wanted—Athletic outdoorsy** computer professional seeks non-smoking Jewish male mid 30's to early 40's who shares my passion for chocolate chips. SPY Box 33.

Every time a bell rings, an angel gets his wings...Daddy, how do you spell *frankincense*?...Scoo' me!...Bert, ya know me?!...Zuzu's petals!!...Have an old-fashioned Xmas with the one who loves you, you beautiful old building & loan, you.

**I'm a female.** Can someone please take me out to dinner? SPY Box 32.

**Geoff & Cynthia:** Congratulations. See you in K.V. in June. Your sister.

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# UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS

As I understand it, each of us goes around assuming, without quite realizing the extent to which we . . . Well, this is going to get complicated. Let us call each of us Ted. As I understand it, Ted goes around . . .

Sexist. All right. Let us let you stand for each of us. What could be less discriminatory than that?

As I understand it, you go around assuming, without quite realizing the extent to which you do, that everyone else in your life is in your life. You do so without being aware of the extent to which everyone else thinks of himself or herself as being in his or her own life. To you, everyone else is (if you feel open) input.

Yes, you've heard this before. But you don't realize the extent to which it is true, and the naturalness of it all. If you did realize, you'd be aghast. Or relieved. I don't know.

How the hell would I know?

—R.B.

## ACROSS

5. Ever listen to old radio? Fibber McGee and Molly? No? Well, no wonder you're so caught up in your narrow, of-the-moment concerns. Whenever Fibber opened his closet door, things fell out of it loudly and at great length.

8. In *romes*, *soon* backward. "Items" as in I hear they are one.

9. In *lead* (first place), *she*.

10. In *At the Circus*, Groucho sings a song about Lydia, the Tittotoed Lady, as every educated person should know. I am sure this is in one of those books that are coming out about all the things that the author knows and the reader ought to but probably doesn't—and if that isn't marketing strategy, then my name is not, oh, whatever it is. Incidentally, I have talked with two different really famous people who referred to what they renownedly did as "whatever it is that I do." Lydia is *daily* shimmying. See, these clues have an objective, independent coherence, unlike you or me, or famous people.

11. Roman numeral I, and *amat* surrounding *womb*. I think it is worth mentioning that the prose of Joan Didion lost some of its authority in my eyes when she referred in print to her friend Helen Reddy. Petty of me. Helen Reddy may well be a heck of a gal whom I would be tickled to chum with. Still, *Helen Reddy*?

19. Bruce Springsteen leads the E Street Band. As I understand it, est is a philosophical movement that places a great deal of emphasis on its adherents' standing up and declaring, "I am an asshole," and proceeding from there.

26. A reverend is a divine. *Rev* backward amid *renege* rearranged ("somehow").

28. *Running* equals *on*. I personally do not wear an apron when I cook, but I would if it meant a lot to you.

31. Mice elf. As in "Thank you falettinme be mice elfagin" (Sly and the Family Stone). "See 18" refers you to 18 Down (there is no 18 Across).

## DOWN

1. I, *tail* rearranged, C for *cold* as abbreviated on faucets.

2. C, D, *soon*, M, "roughly."

6. *Bosom* is a nice word, isn't it? I know a sophomore at Columbia who, when he was a little boy, said "Grain R. Bosom" over and over for 20 minutes, and when his mother asked him what that meant, he replied, "I wasn't finished."

7. Being the romantic you are, you surely know the story about how when Charles MacArthur met Helen Hayes for the first time, in a cocktail party type of situation, he offered her a handful of peanuts and uttered the all-time

greatest pickup line (for those who are interested in that sort of thing): "I wish they were emeralds." And years later, after he'd cowritten *The Front Page* and she'd become the First Lady of the American Theater and they'd long been married, he gave her emeralds with a note saying, "I wish they were peanuts." My question is, hadn't she been waiting for that follow-up for many years? Hadn't he been sitting on it, as Christmas season after Christmas season rolled around, waiting for just the right year? How many Christmases in a row did she unwrap her present eagerly, waiting for the emeralds and the inevitable gag (known in TV writing as "the button," as in buttoning up what's been left hanging), only to find just some old bottle of Obsession, or the equivalent, or something? Beware of delivering potentially expensive perfect pickup lines, because eventually the second shoe has to drop.

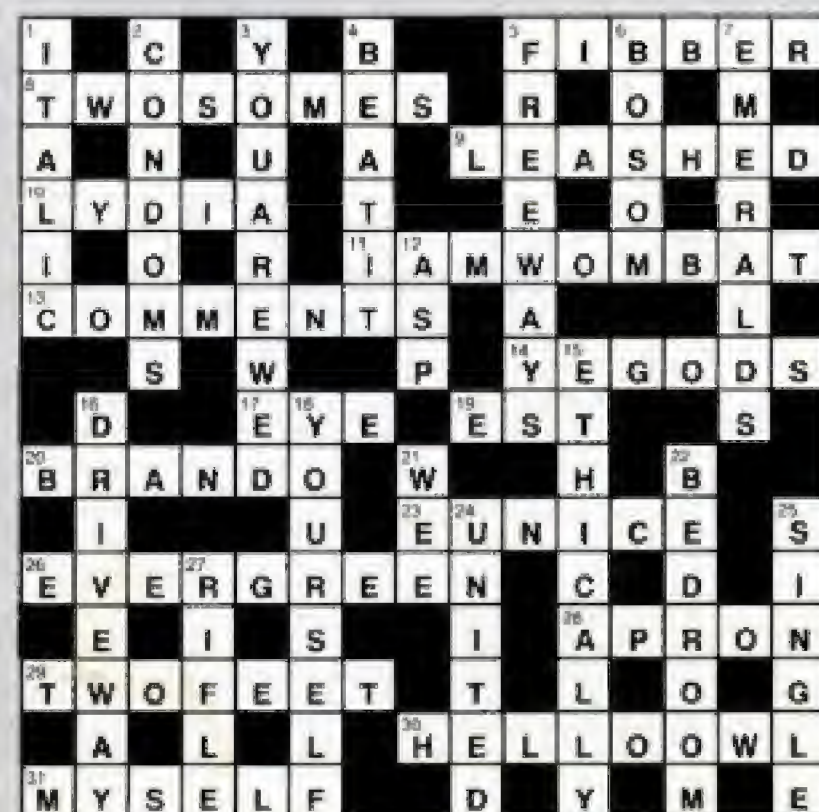
12. *Put* backward.

15. *Yadd*, I *catch* wrongly. I noticed on a newsstand today that the magazine *Nation's Business* had a big cover story on FINDING THE ETHICAL EDGE. I assume this means staying one step ahead of the other fella, ethical-wise. But does that mean staying just slightly *more* ethical or just slightly *less*? If the former, it's hard to see the commercial advantages.

18. Doesn't this form a nice confluence with 31, when all is said and done? I think so. But, of course, it is my puzzle. No, it is your puzzle. No, it is ours.

22. I read in a review of a novel that a character in the novel had noticed that *boredom* and *bedroom* had the same letters. But I had noticed that long ago, and looked and looked for a place to get it into print, and then at last mentioned it in an essay that *Playboy* had asked me to write about boredom as the number one social problem of America today. The editors of *Playboy* have been sitting on that essay for a couple of years now—probably because of my daring contention. . . . Do I seem to be bogged down in my own concerns? Maybe we should give each other emeralds more often.

27. When I was in the Army, if you slipped up and referred to your rifle as your gun, you had to recite this ditty. When you said, "This is my rifle," you pointed to your rifle, and when you said, "This is my gun," you pointed in the general direction of your penis. The notion that one's penis was for fun was, of course, sexist, but I always thought there was some truth to it; still, I am glad that I have never called my rifle or anyone else's a gun. I did shoot a colonel once, one of ours, with an automatic rifle; but I am saving that story for my memoirs. I don't know how the colonel will describe the incident in his memoirs, but my contention is that he shouldn't have been leaning against a tree in a spectatorish attitude while I and many other trainees were wearily pretending to take a hill. It wasn't too serious an incident, to me, because he didn't know which trainee I was, and I ran on past hurriedly, and anyway I had only blanks in my automatic rifle. I think there is a great deal to be said for blanks, even though they do have little cardboard wads in them that sting at close range. Perhaps it is my interest in blanks that has led me into the crossword business; not to mention a keen appreciation of its ethical edge. ☺



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ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID DIRCKS





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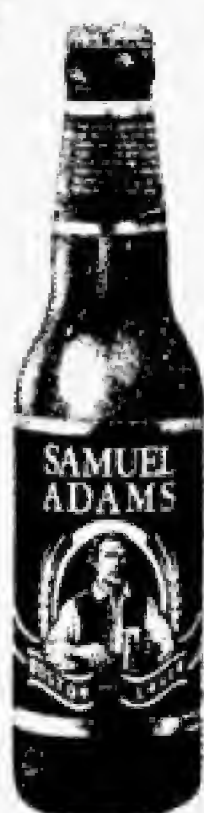
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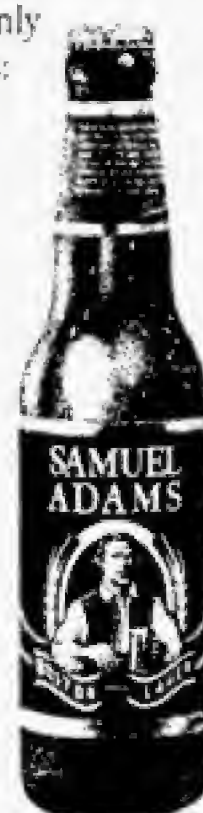
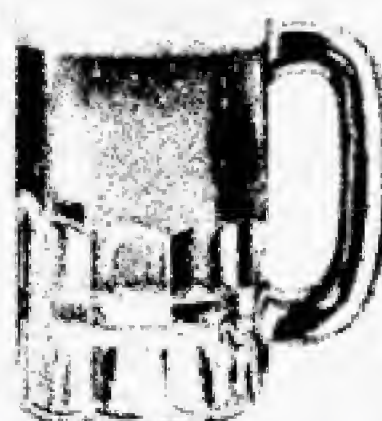
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# THE UN-BRITISH Crossword Puzzle

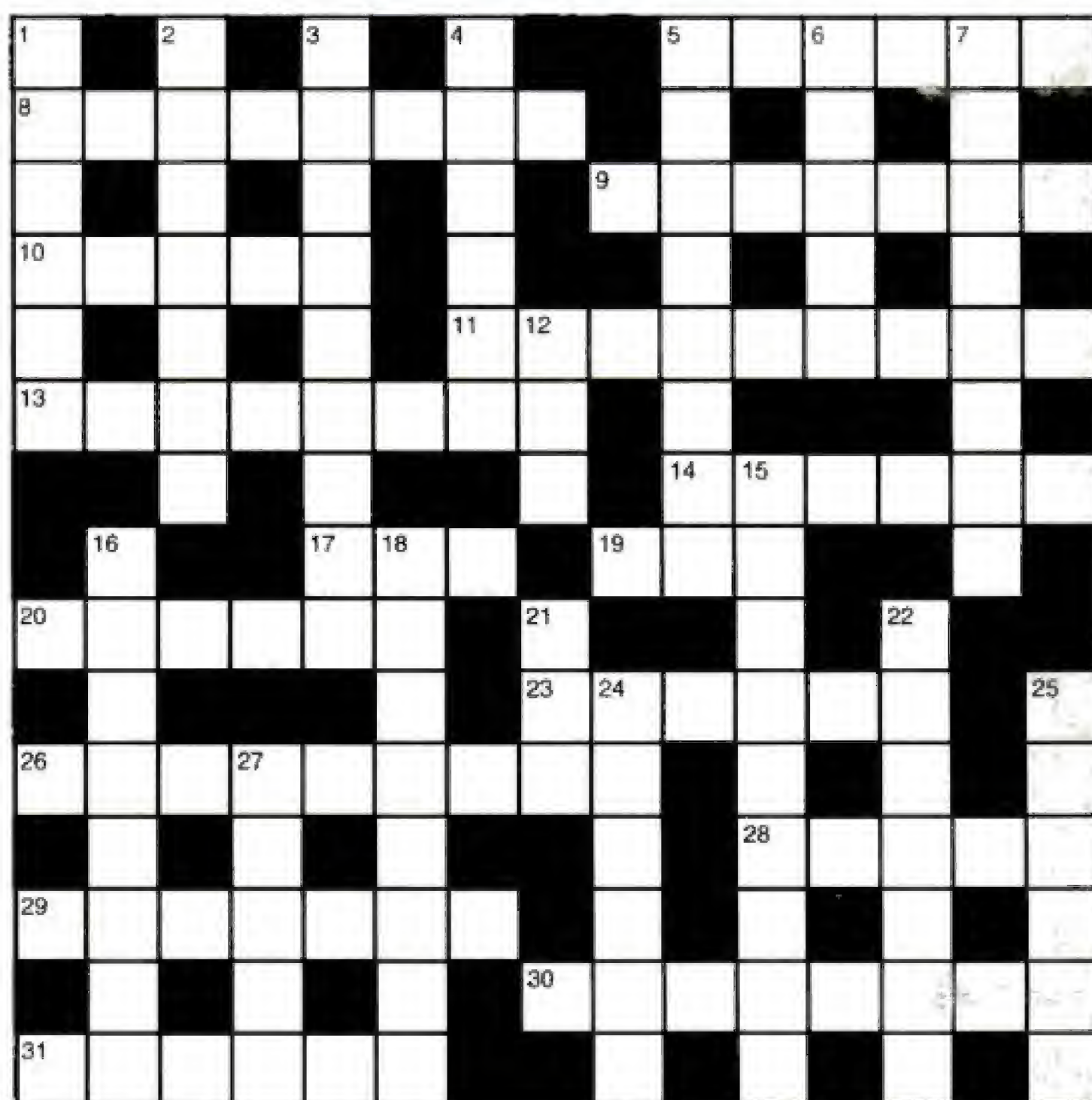
*Just You, Just Me*

## ACROSS

5. Molly McGee's closet-packing husband a leader down garden path. (6)
8. In books, she-pig backs up items. (8)
9. Restrained by female in first place. (7)
10. Groucho's illustrated lady shimmying daily. (5)
11. One Latin loves embracing source of life in marsupial Helen Reddy song. (1,2,6)
13. Observes 1,000 men in cots. (8)
14. Dog coming back in? Yes, with oath. (2,4)
17. Sounds like I see by it. (3)
19. Bruce's band gives confidence to assholes. (3)
20. Fatty ham, as opposed to Brand X? (6)
23. She sounds almost like the state of being you. (6)
26. Always fresh to renege, somehow, about divine comeback. (9)
28. American Public Radio running non-gender-specific coverage today. (5)
29. Birdcall outside of what you stand on. (3,4)
30. Fuzz recedes in eternal fire: mouse's first, last words to great horned one. (5,3)
31. From what we hear, it's Mickey, Minnie and Santa. For the other side, see 18. (6)

## DOWN

1. First person shaking tail over cold, slanted type. (6)
2. Things that go on between safe couple roughly 100, 500, soon 1,000. (7)
3. A dewy roué arranged matter-of-fact postnuptial statement to second person. (3,3,3)
4. Bachelor of Engineering a boob? Get out of here! (4,2)
5. Thoroughfares forsaken after commitment. (8)
6. Breasts at heart. (5)
7. By the time Charles MacArthur actually produced these, they were peanuts to Helen Hayes. (8)
12. P.S.: a climbing Cleo took to her 6. (3)
15. Rightly or wrongly, y'all, I etch. (9)
16. Mixing view in yard up, a car in every one is not enough today. (8)
18. Surly foe breaks down to join opposite at end. (8)
21. Sounds like you and I, Tiny. (3)
22. Boredom shaken up where we recline. (7)
24. Sounds like you 'n' I, Theodore, together. (6)
25. Gin's spilled on the French one. (6)
27. "This is my ——— and this is my gun. This is for fighting and this is for fun"—U.S. Army. (5)



BY ROY BLOUNT JR.



The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 93.




© 1987 Time Inc.

Neal Preston

Mimi Cotter

Mimi Cotter



A close-up photograph of a glass filled with a dark liquid, likely Sambuca. Three coffee beans are floating on the surface of the liquid. The glass has a decorative, wavy pattern around its rim. The background is dark, making the glass and the liquid stand out.

*Legend has it that  
if you add three  
coffee beans to  
Sambuca Romana,  
good fortune will follow.*



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# FRAMED

"I actually feel that I've done something with this LP. I'm willing to stand up and defend every single word, because I sang every one with feeling."

—Roddy Frame, Aztec Camera

## love

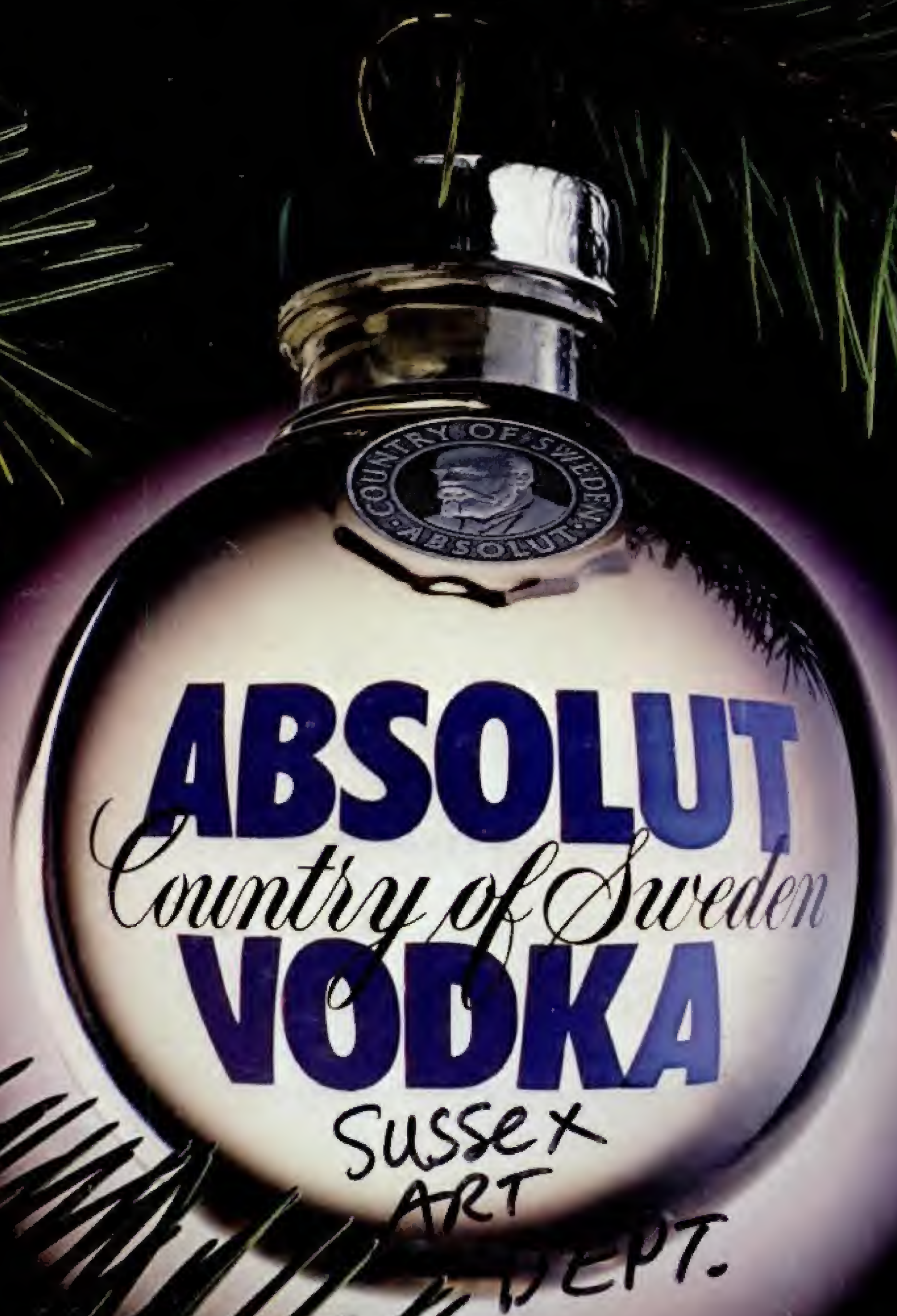
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